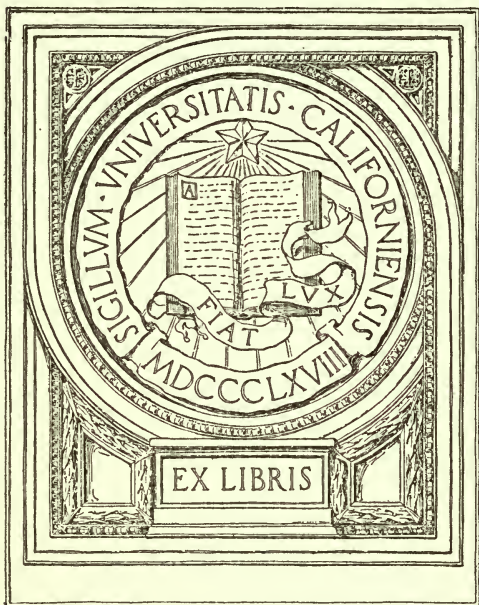


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THE
ENCHANTED YEARS

A Book of Contemporary Verse

DEDICATED BY POETS OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND AMERICA TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA ON THE
OCCASION OF ITS ONE-HUNDREDTH
ANNIVERSARY

EDITED BY

JOHN CALVIN METCALF

LINDEN KENT MEMORIAL PROFESSOR OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE

AND

JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

EDGAR ALLAN POE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA



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Guy Allen

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RAHWAY, N. J.**

FOREWORD

THE opening of the twentieth century has seen a renaissance of poetry in the English-speaking lands. Poetry has become a part of the intellectual interest of thinking people as it has not been since the days of Queen Elizabeth. The nature of this poetic revival is somewhat different in England, in Ireland and in America; but it is significant that in all these countries a simple directness, freedom from rhetorical strain, and a virile naturalness are noticeable traits. In England there has been a greater power of restrained simplicity and natural force; in Ireland, a finer realization of pure lyric beauty and spiritual values; in America, an intensity of poetic feeling, a variety of expression and thought, and an adventurous courage in imaginative experimentation.

Of course, as always when art is vitally in touch with reality, there has been marked individuality of manner and tone rather than group similarity. The leading English poets have been too original in creative power to be called Georgian, save as the name marks an era. The Irish writers may all have a part in the Celtic Renaissance, but the fairy magic of one or the lyric oracles of another cannot be classified by one academic label. Nor can the term "new poetry" in America resolve the colorful robust vitality, the cryptic vision, the brilliant intellectuality, and the quiet beauty of certain poets into the patterned product of a narrowed code of art.

"The Enchanted Years" is a collection of verse representative of many different poetic aims and

methods. The freer forms of verse and the more traditional phrasings meet on the common ground of a clearly defined poetic purpose. From the voices of many of the sweetest and strongest singers the reader may learn through the poems brought together here what the tone in poetry of his own century is. Most of the verses included have not been published before, and, therefore, though some have been printed in periodicals, and three or four in books, the volume is essentially a book of new original poetry. The poets, in all cases, have spoken their own thoughts upon their own themes. The contents of the book have been freely given by the authors as a centennial contribution to the University of Virginia, and the editors sincerely thank the distinguished group of poets who have dedicated the products of their art to the making of this anthology. They are grateful, also, for the generous interest of several other great writers who, though desirous of contributing to the volume, were for unavoidable reasons prevented from doing so. Perhaps no gift in its centenary year will enter more fully into the heritage of Poe's University than will this gift of the poets.

The University of Virginia was founded in 1819 by Thomas Jefferson. Because of world conditions the centennial celebration was delayed. In this year of hesitant expectancy and of new world conditions, it officially closes one century and turns confidently to the future. With Jefferson as father and distinguished Englishmen upon the first faculty; with Poe among its earliest sons and Woodrow Wilson among

the latest, it seems fitting that the enchanted years of the past should be symbolized by the mingled voices of poets of great Britain and America whose wisdom helps make the present, too, "The Enchanted Years".

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,
March 1, 1921.

J. C. M.

J. S. W.

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THE ENCHANTED YEARS
A Book of Contemporary Verse

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

(1819-1861-1920)

MOTHER of Men, mother of loves and dreams,
Behold her, standing in her pillared porch,
Bearing aloft the unextinguished torch
Whose light across the crowded century streams,—
With an intrepid countenance that seems
Touched into rapture by remembered years,
And lovely with the tenderness of tears,—
The new smile breaking where the old tear gleams;

In peace, in war, still keeping her old fashion
Of truth that fosters freedom,—her old light
In eyes that met one equal face of fight
In her sons' faces, when with weaponed passion
They bared their breasts, in her immortal honor,
To Death, and saw that no shame fell upon her.

Armistead Churchill Gordon

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TO KEATS

ON a magical morning, with twinkling feet,
And a song at his lips that was strange and sweet,
Somebody new came down the street
To the world's derision and laughter.

Now he is dumb with no more to say,
Now he is dead and taken away,
Silent and still and leading the way,
And the world comes tumbling after.

Lord Dunsany

ON WHAT SWEET BANKS

ON what sweet banks were thy pure fancies fed,
What world of smiling light has been thy home;
In what fair land of rainbows wert thou bred,
From what green land of cuckoos art thou come?

By all that great blue wonder in thine eyes,
Baffled and vexed I stand before thy smile—
Thy thoughts, like angels, guard thee from surprise,
We see them not, yet feel them all the while.

That smile which, like the sun on every thing,
Now falls on me with no increased delight,
Must either go behind a cloud and bring
Death to my hopes, or give my love more light.

W. H. Davies

THE LAKE-DWELLER

I'VE never climbed mountains,
Nor sailed across the sea;
I don't know where Llassa is,
Nor Seoul nor Araby;
But every year the wild geese,
With distance on their wings,
Come dropping into Doole Lake
And tell me many things.

They don't speak in Latin,
And Greek is not their tongue.
Their lore is not in any book,
It can't be said or sung.
But when I see them sink down
From star-expectant skies,
I learn what would even make
The fool's heart wise.

They've been where I'll never go,
They'll go as far again.
Yet, tho I'm but a man, it is
Their wings alone I ken.
So I can see, at Doole Lake,
More than worlds go by
In just a flock of wild geese
That pass along the sky.

Cale Young Rice

SEA-HORIZONS

THE desolate expanse from heaven to heaven
From zone to zone, from deep to height above,
The mute arch of the everlasting heaven
Bends over me with Your unwearied love.

Immeasurable, unutterable, and soundless—
Wide as the east from the west Your love is wide;
The unfathomable distances are boundless
Infinite tenderness on every side.

Against the dark strength of Your huge endurance
My little being beats her baffled wings,
Lifts her shrill voice, and wounds the calm assurance
And tenderness of Your large evenings.

In the vast robes of Your serene compassion
She hides her soiled and burning face of shame—
Your solemn and inexorable passion
Lifts her blurred eyes to meet Your glance of
flame.

As bread that for my daily fare is broken,
The eternal loveliness before me spread—
Unutterable gesture—word unspoken—
In the proud silences forever said.

The sun puts forth his strength, the reaches shimmer
With inarticulate rapture, and the proud
Waters are thrilled; the fields of ocean glimmer
With shifting light and overshadowing cloud.

Noon upon noon in heaven takes up his station,
Day follows night, and night succeeds to day;
Your infinite and lonely meditation
Sinks with the sunset down the starry way.

Veiled is the Vast: the heaven of evening burning
Reveals on the large waters of the sea
Hopelessness—hopelessness—the patient yearning
And dumb caress of the Immensity.

Sorrowful is the mighty Heart that reaches
Around this brief and scornful heart of mine,
The long curve of His melancholy beaches
And vacancies along the lone sea-line.

In the huge longing of the far sea-spaces,
The tremulous rim about the waters curled,
Waits the eternal Gentleness, and traces
His sad horizons 'round the fading world.

Cloud beyond cloud, the arch of heaven goes over—
Deep beyond deep, the patient skies descend—
The illimitable wastes and waves discover
Loneliness—loneliness—without an end.

Inexorable Compassion, may I never
Reach the last verge and limits of Your love!
Beyond me, still beyond me melt forever
The eternal margins, fading as I move.

John Hall Wheelock

MAINE WOODS IN WINTER

Now I have climbed the hillside to discover
The forest sitting in its silver clothes
With ermine pulled about its knees. I know
There is no better place than trees have found
To live their lives in, past the million years
That life has toiled to make them perfect trees;
And I shall listen to their thoughts a while,
For I would share the minds of men no longer.
Here the rich snow might be a floor of cloud;
Or sifted hawthorn-bloom cloud-like and soft
Poured thick from Maytime hedges; or the drift
Down a pear-orchard when a gust has passed;
Or all the captive foam of a coral island;
Or feathers of a comet lost in air
And fallen forgotten from the flying star.
And not a sound of the world can leap the wall
Of thrilling quiet where great trees stand still
As though one gesture might unhinge the moon
And bring it down too close to show its deeps
Of alabaster valley any more,
Or send the sun astray with the moon to follow
Out of their reach, and blot the sky with dark.
They would not break the spell of any dream.
And God is dreaming too.

So they stand still.

I wonder when I go among such trees
Far from the fields and deeper in alone,
If I shall find a silence before sound
That was in the beginning? Will there be rest

And room for music in my mind again
After the interval? I shall creep close
To watch the wind writing upon dry leaves
With pencil of sunlight words I cannot read,
And I shall write too, with an icicle
That withers like a rainbow from my grasp.
I shall forget the passionate hastes of men
Among the swarthy hemlocks; and Orion
Will pierce the forest-thatch with casual eye
Before I miss the sun. Oh, I shall be
The imagining spirit of that solitude,
Bold to create a stillness of my own
Above the cataract of the universe
Where it pours down obscure and infinite
Under a whirling surface-foam of worlds:
The trees will keep me listening all day long!
And I shall know them, learn their evening look,
Gray that is purple, purple that is dusk,
Or running with the lean and supple wind
Follow the dawn along their mighty columns
That loom and glitter in an air like bronze.

Grace Hazard Conkling

TREE SONGS

Dedicated to the University of Virginia

I

BE DEFERENT TO TREES

THE talking oak
To the ancient spoke.

But any tree
Will talk to me.

What truths I know
I garnered so.

But those who want to talk and tell,
And those who will not listeners be,
Will never hear a syllable
From out the lips of any tree.

2

ON A WINDY NIGHT BY A TREE LIE DOWN

The tree of knowledge of evil and good
Is any tree in any wood.
If wise and mighty you would be
Leave the town and learn of the tree.

Stand by a tree of a windy day;
On a windy night by a tree lie down;
And months beyond, the words it will say
Will save you alive, midst the dead in town.

RED YEWS

Under the red yews here I lie
Listening to the day-sounds die.
The vine leaves dead
Are smooth and red
And the year has spread
Them for my bed
And safe and sheltering over my head
Are the yews for ceiling.
Some trees are for goad and spur,
Festering goad and stinging spur;
But the yew trees are for healing.

That is because the yews are old,
Dignified, sober and old.
Hundreds of years have made this tree
And whispered wisdom to it. We
Can hear that wisdom if we creep
On a windy night close under its boughs
And harken in that quiet house
To the words it murmurs in its sleep.

Red yew, who are kind and great
Red yew, here I lie aright
Ears and heart are open, and wait
There is wind! Speak loud tonight!

TREE-TAUGHT

The tree-taught ones are the mighty ones
The town-taught ones fall down
Before the spears of the silent ones
Who learned of tree, not a town.

For each word of a tree is a truth of the world
And each word of a town is a lie;
So scorning a town—where the sun falls down
Of a tree you shall learn, and I.

We shall learn of a tree what life can be
And death?—can the tree-taught die?

Mary Carolyn Davies

CHIPMUNKS

For E. A. P.

THE supposedly old
and the apparently new,
madly, blindly chasing each other,
hate in each heart
screeching death to the other,
are chipmunks
circling the trunk of a tree
around and around and around and
around
till the two merge in one
dizzy streak of a band,
like a pin-wheel afire
with rope-skipping flame
come to what looks like a stop.
But let the band stretch, the band
snap?—
we have the rondo all over again!

Alfred Kreymborg

TROPIC BEACH SONG

THE surf
With the sound of tearing silk
Foams across the barrier reef—
Hisses on the strand.
And the cloud-streaked moon
Frets behind a palm frond—
Glistens on the mangoes
And leaps into fire
Where a scarlet orchid hangs.

Running on the sand—
Swiftly she passes me!—
A-tiptoe, a-tiptoe—
Along the waters' edge,
Comes a girl from the village
With a rose in her hair—
With a rose in her hand—
With a rose hid deep
In the cleft beneath her throat.

She stops
On a hummock of the sand.
The wind
Whirls her piña skirt about her
And clutches at her bodice
As if to snatch the rose
Hidden deep, deep, deep
In her bosom.
And the moon
Sends a flame through her garments,

As the wind blows them closer,
And they seem
To dissolve
In the light pouring down.

She pauses a moment—
A Nereïd cut in amber,
Half concealed where the shadow
Wins its battle with the light.
And the waves on the shingle
Come yearning—yearning—yearning—
Ah, my heart knows how they hope
 she will stay,
And let them kiss her feet.

James C. Bardin

WHEN SPRING RETURNS

I WONDER why spring comes again
To earth with you not there,
And why the sunshine and the rain
Should bring us flowers as fair
As those your gentle hands have pressed
In all the springs now gone,
And why the willows stand new-dressed
To greet the fragrant dawn.

You can not see their beauty pale,
Nor smell the cowslip's breath;
The violets purple all the vale
While you keep tryst with Death.
You come no more, but know you this,
If thoughts your spirit find,
In every flower we feel your kiss,
Your nearness in each wind.

Virginia Taylor McCormick

SPRING BLEW OPEN THE DOOR

SPRING blew open the door;
An aspen stirred
And turned about,
As if in doubt
Of the time of day,
Or so they say;
And all of a sudden was something
 heard
That rose from a sigh to a ghostly
 shout,
As now and again
In a panic the rain
Went skurrying over the forest floor
A bud came out—
And then a bird.

Spring blew open the door;
On a nearby hill
A robin found
A place in the sun,
And all in fun
Made a rollicking sound
That was less than a call
And more than a trill,
Sinking low and lower,
And then was still.
On all, on all
Was the dawning grace
Of a radiant face

And a presence rare
As the shadowy things
That out of the air
A dryad weaves.
A rustle of leaves,
A flutter of wings,
A heavenly stir
In the lilac tree—
And a rogue of a bee
Caught sight of Her.

William Griffith

ORIGINS

Beginning with Lilith and Eve, there have been two classes of women—one that takes the strength out of a man, and one that puts it back.—PROVERB.

INTO a dark world of strange talk
Came a soft voice,
As that of a bird
Lulling forest and fen.
And then,
Stirred
By a word
That bade him rejoice
And rise and walk,
Adam awoke,
Spoke,
Listened awhile
For an answering call,
As a great silence fell over all.
Brooding and serious,
Something mysterious
On him was casting the shadow of pain
When, with a vain,
Curious smile,
(A sigh of the eye),
As a siren went by,
The first of men shuddered,
Turned over and over
In thistle and clover,
And slept again:

And dreamt of Lilith!

Darker and stranger grew the world,
Fig leaves were shed,
And serpents curled.
And overnight
Was born delight;
And overday
Was born desire
To curb dismay,
Lest Adam tire.
The skies were red;
And all the glory
Of time in story
Suddenly flashed.
And thunder crashed;
And under the vine and fig-tree there,
Gowned and crowned with her radiant hair,
And frail as fire and free as the air,
And fair as her daughters have sought
to be fair,
A woman stood
In virginhood.
Over the grass
It came to pass
That her eyes spoke . . .
So sweet was she
To hear and see,
So virginwise,
That from his eyes
And body then
The scales had all but fallen when
Adam awoke.

Eden and Eve!

William Griffith

A WEED

BECAUSE I scatter my seed
 Prodigally, and grew
 Where the wind has chanced to blow,
You call me a weed.

I look at your gardens fair,
 With flowers in stately rows,
 And my wild, little seed heart knows
I could never be happy there.

My mother was gipsy born,
 My father a roving bee,
 There is vagabond blood in me,
I am not to be trained and shorn!

I am poor and mean indeed,
 But I make the waste place glad,
 And the wayside color-mad,
Where there is room for a weed.

Louise Driscoll

SLOPES OF ETNA

PEACE is written on the doorstep
In lava.

Peace, black peace—
My heart will know no peace
Till the mountain bursts again.

Brilliant, intolerable lava
Brilliant as a powerful burning-glass
Walking like a royal snake down the mountain
towards the sea.

Forests, cities, bridges
Gone under again in the bright trail of the snake
That has slept so long inside the mountain;
Since Naxos, thousands of feet below the olive-roots;
To wake again, and walk over the olive leaves
And lay black roads above the aloe-spikes.

Peace in lava on the door-step.
White-hot serpent in my heart, trying to lift its head
Never at peace.
Till lava breaks.
Till it burst forth white-hot, withering
To set in black rock.

Call it Peace?

D. H. Lawrence

TROPIC

SUN, dark Sun
Sun of black, void heat
Sun of the torrid midday's horrific darkness

Behold my hair twisting and turning black
Behold my eyes turn tawny yellow.

The milk of northern spume
Coagulating and going black in my veins
Aromatic as frankincense.

Columns dark and soft
Sunblack men
Valved nostrils, sunbreathing mouths
Eyes of yellow, golden sand
As frictional, as perilous, explosive brimstone.

Rock, waves of dark heat
Waves of dark heat, rock, sway upwards
Waver perpendicular.

What is the horizontal rolling of water
Compared to the flood of black heat that
 rolls upward past our eyes.

D. H. Lawrence

PRELUDE AND ODE

Dedicated to the University of Virginia

EAST wind, west wind,
Blowing through the dark blue pinetops,
Wind of the winter crying,
What would you have me say?

North wind, south wind,
Sweeping still through years and seasons,
Wind of the spirit binding
Poe's heart to Shelley's heart;

What would you have me say?
Years will pass and men may vanish,
But the barren heights of life
Hold the singer's troubled heart.

Clouds lie at night along the ancient mountains,
Lit by the moon, their rounded heads in stillness
faintly glowing.

Underneath pass faint flickers of heat-lightning:
The fireflies burn green-yellow on the grass.

Clouds of the night ascend and over their shifting
summits

There rise the southern stars, unseen in other
latitudes;

Canopus and Antares burn their track
Above the low horizon, dimly seen;

And on the hilltop is a stranger, one
Who keeps his watch as steadfast Israfel;
His mind holds all the meaning of the skies,
His heart knows all the sorrows of the earth.

As swift irradiations in the night
From far heat-lightning on a lonely plain,
Or Venus over a pinewood dimly seen,
So to mankind must be the singer's heart.

He is as one whose face he scarcely knows;
Strange must be even to him that secret power
That bids him take through years of waning strength
Sorrow for victory and defeat for joy;

He is as one who hears the final words
Of comfort, Calvary-spoken;—"Even this day,
Thou shalt be with me in far Paradise;"
And on his forehead is the lustrous sign

Of one appointed to his lifelong task,
Self-consummating, self-consuming. Still
He fashions love from death and heaven from hell,
Since on his lips has paused the burning word.

The word, the last and first of essences,
In the beginning, God's; and given to this earth
As shaped by chiming stars or quiring pines,
Or whispered by the moon on Southern nights.

John Gould Fletcher

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE

To Edgar Allan Poe

OLD crumbling stones set long ago upon
The naked headland of a suave green shore.
Old stones all riven into cracks and glands
By moss and ivy. Up above, a peak
Of narrow, iron windows, a hooded tower
With frozen windows looking to the West.
When the sun sets, a winking fiery light
Riffles the window-panes above the gloom
Of purple waters heaving evenly,
Waters moving about the naked headland
In sombre slowness, with no dash of spray
To strike the stagnant pools and flash the weeds.
A rack of shifting clouds
Darkens the waters' margin. On the shore
Are clusters of great trees whose brittle leaves
Crackle together as the mournful wind
Takes them and shakes them. But the tower
 windows
Fling bloody streams of light across the dusk,
Planges of bloody light which the upper sky
Has hurled at them and now is drawing back.
Behind the tower, where no windows are,
A little wisp of moon catches the stones
So that they glitter palely from the shore,
The suave green shore with all its leaden trees.

Amy Lowell

EGYPT

(To Edgar Allan Poe)

EGYPT had cheated us,
for Egypt took
through guile and craft
our treasure and our hope,
Egypt had maimed us,
offered dream for life,
an opiate for a kiss,
and death for both.

White poison flower we loved
and the black spike
of an ungarnered bush—
(a spice—or without taste—
we wondered—then we asked
others to take and sip
and watched their death)
Egypt we loved, though hate
should have withheld our touch.

Egypt had given us knowledge,
and we took, blindly,
through want of heart,
what Egypt brought;
knowing all poison,
what was that or this,
more or less perilous,
than this or that.

We pray you, Egypt,
by what perverse fate,
has poison, bought with knowledge,
given us this—
not days of trance,
shadow, fore-doom of death,
but passionate grave thought,
belief enhanced,
ritual returned and magic;

Even in the uttermost black pit
of the forbidden knowledge,
wisdom's glance,
the grey eyes following
in the mid-most desert—
great shaft of rose,
fire shed across our path,
upon the face grown grey, a light,
Hellas re-born from death.

H. D.

THE SINGER OF THE SHADOWS

*If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,—
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.*
—Edgar Allan Poe

FROM far beyond all death, all spaces dark,
With art sublime
The singer of the shadows came to mark
His land, his time.

Poet of grief, he sought her loneliest cave,
Her ultimate aisle,
Her ruined keep, her mouldering architrave
And peristyle.

Poet of tombs, the midnight was his theme.
Adventuring far,
He pierced the opal center of a dream,
Or of a star.

Let those who walk with lore the beaten road
From others ask
The daily bread of thought, cheer for the load,
Sun for the task.

An hour there is when sunshine brings to pain
Unfaith, unrest,
When she would feel the footfalls of the rain
Upon her breast,

When, circled in a misty aureole,
His charm distils
A craved narcotic for the fevered soul,
From sorrow's hills.

Ah, we to-day the sweeter count the soil
His wandering pressed!
His dust has flowered. The darkness of his toil
The light has blessed.

England acclaims him. France, attuned, aware,
Greets him with bay,
And calls him brother, through her Baudelaire,
And Mallarmé.

Too long have lettered dwarf and neophyte
Cast him their stones,
Who flesh beheld, not spirit, worked their blight
Above his bones.

Enough of slander! Bolted be the gate
To evils wild
Envies evolve and lies perpetuate!
Art owns her child.

.
Cradle him soft, O Art, who only knew
To speak your tongue!
You were his life, and his life's residue
The dream unsung.

Your lesser planets let his glow outlive,
High and apart,
Who, earthbound, gave you all he had to give—
His tortured heart.

Pride has departed, Doom has crossed the door,
Love calls farewell.
But from your firmament forever more
Shines Israfel!

Agnes Lee

AT THE GRAVE OF POE

SPRING's glow and glamour over Baltimore
 Above the green God's acre where he lies,
The sunlight, amber as some fabled ore,
 And the ethereal blue of vernal skies,
 He who so long since solved the great surmise,
And haply now tunes an immortal lyre
 (He who could tune a mortal lyre so well)
 With the rapt Israfel,
And the celestial choir.

As white as snow the marble of his tomb
 Against the climbing ivy on the wall;
No cypress bough, with its unhallowed gloom,
 Here flings its sombre shade funereal;
 Even the church-tower, turreted and tall,
Speaks not of dolor, and the slender spines
 Of arbor-vitae tell of life, not death,
 The life that quickeneth
His immemorial lines.

Yet he was phantom-haunted; eldritch things
 Peopled the silent chambers of his brain;
Forevermore the winnow of dark wings
 Beat round about him, as when autumn rain
 Is hurtled by wild gusts against the pane.
Weird wraiths companioned him, but none the less,
 Amid the forms of ghoul and ghost and gnome,
 Figures were wont to roam
Of light and loveliness.

His was the master's magic; every chord
 He touched gave forth a throb of melody;
No music welled whereof he was not lord,
 Whether he sang some city by the sea
 Or some strange palace built of Faëry;
He wove the spell of immaterial chimes
 Into his fabric; e'en the midnight bird
 An unforgotten word
Breathed through his charmed rhymes.

He walked with shadows, and yet who shall say
 We are not all as shadows, we who fare
Towards one dim bourn along life's fateful way,
 Sharing the griefs and joys once his to share
 Who passed erewhile to that fair Otherwhere
Beyond the poignancy of bliss or woe!
 There hangs the immitigable pathos of dead
 years,
 High hopes bedewed with tears,
About the grave of Poe.

Clinton Scollard

THOMAS JEFFERSON

HE made men free and sought to make them wise,
 Knowing that haughty and untrammelled will,
 Restless desires, which judgment does not still,
Unsettle states with ignorant surmise.
Sage government, he held, is that which tries
 To teach distinction between good and ill,
 To spread large knowledge of the past and fill
Men's minds with high, serene philosophies.

We should be better citizens, if we knew
 What wrecked old cities of decayed renown,
Could test the false, if not divine the true.
 Learning, well disciplined, would beat pride
 down.
And weary wit, long strained to find thought's clue,
 Would own humility as wisdom's crown.

Gamaliel Bradford

ODE
TO
THOMAS JEFFERSON

*For the Centennial Celebration of the University
of Virginia*

"Error is the stuff of which the web of life is woven and he who lives longest and wisest is only able to weave out the more of it."—JEFFERSON TO CHASTELLUX.

I

EVEN in his day what the wise felt most
Was human ignorance; how far thought might
range
Through shadowy kingdoms, like a groping ghost,
Where new ideas in perpetual change
Rose, altered, shifted, vanished, till that strange,
Bright, turbulent array
Left the beholder lost,
Ready in desperate weariness to say
That learning lures us only to betray.

II

A hundred fleeting, crowded years have past,
And thought's wide realm, but half surveyed
before,
Has stretched in fields illimitably vast,
And still extends its borders more and more,
Till tired wit, doomed ever to explore
New theories, new facts,
Each stranger than the last,
Folds its reluctant pinion and contracts
Its scope from haughty dreams to humble acts.

III

In all the turmoil of bewildered hope
 His eager brain still roved to find a clue.
If through a dubious future we must grope,
 Let us discern the past with watchful view
 And make the old give counsel to the new.
 He kindled learning's torch;
 Bade you reflect, not mope;
Seek thoughts that cool, not lusts that sear and
 scorch,
Find shelter from the world in wisdom's porch.

IV

Yet no man ever knew better than he
 That all our travail, all our endless pain
Back on itself recoils, until we see
 How tedious days and nights are spent in vain,
 And from vast labor our securest gain
 Is that we learn to bear
 In sage tranquillity,
From having seen how ignorant we were,
The knowledge of how ignorant we are.

V

Like prattling children we reiterate
 Our petulant questions, ask and ask and ask;
With huge endeavor strive to penetrate
 Truth's imperturbable and baffling mask.
Happy, if by the long and fruitless task
 Reason is taught to see
 That its supreme debate
Can but resolve Nature's complexity,
Her tangled chaos, into mystery.

VI

For mystery means wonder, sacred awe;
Not fret, not terror, not disturbed, mad eyes,
Shrinking from ghosts old superstition saw,
But luxury of ever new surprise,
New beauty whose enjoyment deifies,
Secrets of thought unveiled,
Sources from which to draw
Splendors of spirit that shall live unpaled,
When worn, dead creeds have served their use and
failed.

VII

And wonder in the mind breeds in the heart
Humility and lowly reverence.
The best that all our learning can impart
Is quiet hope and patient innocence.
The deepest wisdom should eschew pretence,
High phrase and questing odd,
Should centre all its art
To build an altar on the simple sod
For adoration of the Unknown God.

Gamaliel Bradford

SONNETS DEDICATED TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, A.D. MCMXXI

I

BLUE mountains fold about her where she stands,
Unvexed by murmurs of the crowds afar,
Wearing the grace and glory of ancient lands,
Yet young as hope and the fresh sunrise are.
The enchantment of that lucent azure wall
Safeguards her beauty; still it shines the same
As when first leaped in her white-pillared hall,
Alight on Wisdom's altar, Freedom's flame.
The noble hand that wrote our nation free,
And all men free forever, lit that fire,
Caught from the heart's fierce heat for Liberty;
Her lips are proud to say, "He was my sire!"
Years fleet as clouds; hates pass, and harms, and
pains;
The mountains pass not, the pure Truth remains.

II

So may she stand another hundred years,
Storing great memories, moulding manhood
new;
Great memories, that survive all stabs and sneers,
New manhood, keen to find the labyrinth's clue:
So may she stand in a transfigured earth
Washed clean of wars, in brotherhood bound
fast;
And when men ask how such a world had birth,
And turn to grant the laurel at the last,

To praise the prophet held in slight esteem,
And crown him with another crown than thorn,
To hail the dreamer of the lofty dream,
And grave in bronze the name they spoke in
scorn:

Ah, then, her second century's course being run,
She with proud lips will smile: "He was my son!"

*Years fleet as clouds; hates pass, and harms, and
pains:*

The mountains pass not, the pure Truth remains.

Helen Gray Cone

WOODROW WILSON

I

WE stand so close to terror and to splendor,
Muffled in dark or dazzled by the glow,
We can not tell our doom from our defender,

Bewildered by immensity of woe.
Fear, famine, massacre the waste globe over,
Old empires rocking, states in rending throe

Of Revolution, yet the treasure-trover
Is groping in the ruins, and men graze
Like cattle in their own fenced field of clover,

Unmindful that the forest is ablaze.
How have we dealt with our high Patriot,
The world's bright beacon in distracted days?

Still lights in darkness shine, and still their lot
Is that the darkness comprehendeth not.

II

Epitome of all historic pages,
We have read the ancient savageries of war
In print scarce dried. All dramas of all ages

Crowd our brief stage; the stealthy senator
Poisons the wind with whispers against greatness
That dwindles him, till our worn warrior

Is ringed with daggers; crookedness and straightness,
The traitor knights and questers of the Grail,
Merge in that last dim battle, desolateness

Of chivalry, where blindly through the veil
Of wizard mist bewildered weapons smite
Sore-wounded Arthur in his silver mail,

Until the pagans triumph and the fight
Sobs into silence of the deepening night.

III

Spirit long shaping for sublime endeavor,
A Sword of God, the gleaming metal came
From stern Scotch ancestry, where whatsoever

Was true, was pure, was noble, won acclaim;
From scholar sires of holy consecration
Whose saints were Knox and Calvin. In the flame

And on the anvil, in that strong creation
Of blade from ore, did not Geneva call
Unto Geneva? For the world's salvation

Was wrought that brand, a splendor over all,
Deep-scored by many a skilled artificer
With runes, cross-hilted, jeweled for the hall,

Keen-edged for combat, burning through base slur
And cruel calumny, Excalibur.

IV

Upflung upon an agony exceeding
All agonies this haggard earth has borne,
On his one heart beat all the frantic pleading

Of all the starved, plague-ridden, battle-torn,
Perishing peoples, while those furtive foemen,
Old Selfishness, Derision, Faith Forsworn,

Let fly their poisoned arrows, practised bowmen,
From ambush. So the wrestling, glorious dream
That winged his heart was brought to dust, an omen

Ill for humanity, prompt to blaspheme
A brightness dimmed, a roseate vision paled.
Yet from that trampled heart the immortal gleam

Ascends a living League of Nations hailed
By Christmas chimes. Its champion has not failed.

v

Democracy! Alas, our souls are shaken.
The wisdom of the multitude is vain,
A passion that all varying winds awaken,

Save it becomes the wisdom of the main,
The innumerable-created, tossing ocean,
Whose tides, though buffeted by hurricane,

Follow with deep, undauntable devotion
Their guiding moon, calm goddess of the sea,
Rhythm and law of all its foaming motion.

O surging hearts! Unless divine decree
Or Right control us, one more sorry jest
For cynic Time shall our Republic be.

"Democracy is on its final test,"
Warns our white leader, who has loved it best.

Katharine Lee Bates

December, 1920.

OUR MOTHER POCAHONTAS

(NOTE:—Pocahontas is buried at Gravesend, England.)
“Pocahontas’ body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red
haw in November or a pawpaw in May—did she
wonder? does she remember—in the dust—in the
cool tombs? ”

—*Carl Sandburg*

I

POWHATAN was conqueror,
Powhatan was emperor.
He was akin to wolf and bee,
Brother of the hickory tree.
Son of the red lightning stroke
And the lightning-shivered oak.
His panther-grace bloomed in the maid
Who laughed among the winds and played
In excellence of savage pride,
Wooing the forest, open-eyed,
In the springtime,
In Virginia,
Our Mother, Pocahontas.

Her skin was rosy copper-red.
And high she held her beauteous head.
Her step was like a rustling leaf:
Her heart a nest, untouched of grief.
She dreamed of sons like Powhatan,
And through her blood the lightning ran.
Love-cries with the birds she sung,
Birdlike
In the grape-vine swung.

By permission of Vachel Lindsay and The Macmillian
Company

The Forest, arching low and wide
Gloried in its Indian bride.
Rolfe, that dim adventurer
Had not come a courtier.
John Rolfe is not our ancestor.
We rise from out the soul of her
Held in native wonderland,
While the sun's rays kissed her hand,
In the springtime,
In Virginia,
Our Mother, Pocahontas.

II

She heard the forest talking,
Across the sea came walking,
And traced the paths of Daniel Boone,
Then westward chased the painted moon.
She passed with wild young feet
On to Kansas wheat,
On to the miners' west,
The echoing cañons' guest,
Then the Pacific sand,
Waking,
Thrilling,
The midnight land. . . .

On Adams street and Jefferson—
Flames coming up from the ground!
On Jackson street and Washington—
Flames coming up from the ground!
And why, until the dawning sun
Are flames coming up from the ground?

Because, through drowsy Springfield sped
This red-skin queen, with feathered head,
With winds and stars, that pay her court
And leaping beasts, that make her sport;
Because, gray Europe's rags august
She tramples in the dust;
Because we are her fields of corn;
Because our fires are all reborn
From her bosom's deathless embers,
Flaming
As she remembers
The springtime
And Virginia,
Our Mother, Pocahontas.

III

We here renounce our Saxon blood.
Tomorrow's hopes, an April flood
Come roaring in. The newest race
Is born of her resilient grace.
We here renounce our Teuton pride:
Our Norse and Slavic boasts have died:
Italian dreams are swept away,
And Celtic feuds are lost today. . . .
She sings of lilacs, maples, wheat,
Her own soil sings beneath her feet,
Of springtime
And Virginia,
Our Mother, Pocahontas.

Vachel Lindsay

I KNOW ALL THIS WHEN GIPSY FIDDLES CRY

Oh gipsies, proud and stiffnecked and perverse,
Saying:—" We tell the fortunes of the nations,
And revell in the deep palm of the world.
The head line is the road we choose for trade,
The love line is the lane wherein we camp,
The life line is the road we wander on.
Mount Venus, Jupiter, and all the rest,
Are finger tips of ranges, clasping round
And holding up the Romany's wide sky,"

Oh gipsies, proud and stiffnecked and perverse,
Saying:—" We will swap horses till the doom,
And mend the pots and kettles of mankind,
And lend our sons to big-time vaudeville,
Or to the race-track,—or the learned world!
But India's Bramah waits within their breasts,
They will return to us with gipsy grins,
And chatter Romany, and shake their curls,
And hug the dirtiest babies of the camp.
They will return to the moving pillar of smoke,
The whitest toothed, the merriest laughers known,
The blackest haired of all the tribes of men.
What trap can hold such cats? The Romany
Has crossed such delicate palms with lead or gold,
Wheedling in sun and rain, through perilous years,
All coins now look alike. The palm is all.
Our greasy pack of cards is still the book
Most read of men. The heart's librarians,

We tell all lovers what they want to know,
So, out of the famed Chicago Library,
Out of the great Chicago orchestras,
Out of the skyscraper, the Fine Arts Building,
Our sons will come with fiddles and with loot,
Dressed, as of old, like turkey cocks, and zebras,
Like tiger lilies and chameleons,
Go west with us to California,
Telling the fortunes of the bleeding world,
And kiss the sunset ere their day is done."

Oh gipsies, proud and stiffnecked and perverse,
Picking the brains and pockets of mankind,
You will go westward for one half hour yet.
You will turn eastward in a little while.
You will go back, as men turn to Kentucky,
Land of their fathers, dark and bloody ground.
When all the Jews go home to Syria,
When Chinese cooks go back to Canton, China,
When Japanese photographers return
With their black cameras to Tokio,
And Irish patriots to Donegal,
And Scotch accountants back to Edinburgh,
You will go back to India, whence you came.
When you have reached the borders of your quest,
Homesick at last, by many a devious way,
Winding the wonderlands circuitous,
By foot and horse will trace the long way back,
Fiddling for ocean liners while the dance
Sweeps through the decks, your brown tribes all
will go!

Those east-bound ships will hear your long farewell,

On fiddle, piccolo and flute and timbrel.
I know all this when gipsy fiddles cry.

That hour of their homesickness I myself
Will turn, will say farewell to Illinois,
To old Kentucky and Virginia,
And go with them to India, whence they came.
For they have heard a singing from the Ganges,
And cries of orioles,—from the temple caves,—
And Bengal's oldest, humblest villages.
They smell the supper smokes of Armitsar.
Green monkeys cry in sanscrit to their souls,
From lofty bamboo trees of hot Madras.
They think of towns to ease their feverish eyes,
And make them stand and meditate forever,
Domes of astonishment, to heal the mind.
I know all this when gipsy fiddles cry.

What music will be blended with the wind
When gipsy fiddlers, nearing that old land
Bring tunes from all the world to Bramah's house?
Passing the Indus, winding poisonous forests,
Blowing soft flutes at scandalous temple girls,
Filling the highways with their magpie loot,
What brass from my Chicago will they heap,
What gems from Wallah Wallah, Omaha,
Will they pile near the Bohdi Tree, and laugh?
They will dance near such temples as best suit them,
Though they will not quite enter or adore.
Looking on roofs, as poets look on lilies,
Looking at towers, as birds at forest vines,

That leap to treetops through the dizzy air.
I know all this, when gipsy fiddles cry.

And with the gipsies there will be a king,
And a thousand desperados, just his style,
With all their rags dyed in the blood of roses,
Dyed with the blood of angels and of demons.
And he will boss them with an awful voice.
And with a red whip he will beat his wife,
He will be wicked on that sacred shore,
And rattle cruel spurs against the rocks,
And shake Calcutta's walls with circus bugles.
He will kill Brahmins there, in Kali's name,
And please the thugs and blood-drunk of the earth.
I know all this, when gipsy fiddles cry.

On sweating thieves and hard-boiled scalawags,
That still will boast your pride until the doom,
Smashing every caste rule of the world,
Reaching at last your Hindu goal to smash
The caste rules of old India and shout:—
“Down with the Brahmins, let the Romany reign!”
When gipsy girls look deep within my hand
They always speak so tenderly and say
That I am one of those star-crossed to wed
A princess in a forest fairy tale.
So there will be a tender gipsy princess,
My Juliet, shining through this clan.
And I would sing you of her beauty now.
And I will fight with knives the gipsy man
Who tries to steal her wild young heart away.

And I will kiss her in the waterfalls,
And at the rainbow's end, and in the incense
That curls about the feet of sleeping gods,
And sing with her, in canebrakes, and in ricefields,
In Romany, eternal Romany.

We will sow secret herbs, and plant old roses,
And fumble through dark snaky palaces,
Stable our ponies in the Taj Mahal,
And sleep outdoors ourselves.

In her stange fairy mill-wheel eyes will wait
All windings and unwindings of the highways,
From India across America,
All windings and unwindings of my fancy,
All windings and unwindings of all souls,
All windings and unwindings of the heavens.
I know all this when gipsy fiddles cry.

We gipsies, proud and stiffnecked and perverse,
Standing upon the white Himalayas,
Will think of far divine Yosemite.
We will heal Hindu hermits there with oil
Brought from California's tall sequoias,
And we will be like gods, that heap the thunders,—
And start young redwood trees on time's own
mountains.

We will swap horses with the rising moon,
And mend that funny skillet called Orion,
Color the stars like San Francisco's street-lights,
And paint our fortune-telling sign on high,
In planets like a bed of crimson pansies;
While a million fiddles shake all listening hearts,
Crying good fortune to the Universe,

Whispering adventure to the Ganges waves,
And to the spirits, and all winds and gods,
Till mighty Bramah puts his golden palm
Within the gipsy king's great striped tent
And asks his fortune told by that great love-line
That winds across his palm in splendid flame.

Only the hearthstone of old India
Will end the endless march of gipsy feet.
I will go back to India with them
When they go back to India, whence they came.
I know all this, when gipsy fiddles cry.

Vachel Lindsay

LEE

A PASSION of conflict—Country or State!
Allegiance or loyalty!—which clearer the call?
Man of the nation, a name blazoned high
On escutcheons of glory—
Should he part with the past in which they—his
people—
Had writ deep and fast,
Lee!

Harsh, bitter, and cruel the struggle.
Then—white and undimmed
The altar of Duty shone out of the dusk,
And Love burned away all dreaming of dross.
But he knew not, when yielding one sword for
another,
He had carved on the heart of his country forever,
Lee!

Kate Langley Boshier

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

On her Centenary, 1921

To tell the truth, to keep their word, to hold
Honor the dearest jewel of their hearts,
To children's children this fair seat imparts,—
Jefferson's dream; him love of truth made bold
To irradiate the New World from the old
Source of immortal letters, humane arts,—
The hopes of man; how far its bright flood darts,
Through the third part of our dominions rolled!

Virginia, planter of the South and West
With the old learning, culture, eloquence,
Heaven recompense to thee thy gifts again!
The star of poetry shines from thy breast;
Thy scholars—poets, soldiers, Presidents—
In one full voice uniting, cry "Amen!"

George Edward Woodberry

FATE

To the University of Virginia

SHE holdeth time in her hand
Like a bubble of glass
Wherein clouds gather and stand
And visions pass,
Glancing at these and those
With a careless smile
As pondering things more close
To her heart the while,—
As time to her were a toy,
Its phantoms a play,
And further than these were her joy
And her grief than they;
Though her clear calm passionless eyes
No signs impart
Of hidden feeling that lies
In the depths of her heart.
Her purpose giveth no scope
To thought or dream;
Neither despair nor hope
Her envoys seem;
And none can tell from the vain
Strange things that fall
Whether her heart contain
A purpose at all.
And yet her trackless desire
And inscrutable plan
Seem wrapt like a vesture of fire
Round the heart of man.

In glory or anguish awhile
She surpasseth his life
Under her favouring smile
Or implacable strife.

She dreameth—and groweth by dreaming
Now little now great,
Though her love and her hate of his deeming
Be but fancies of Fate.
For whether she sleepeth or waketh
No passions disclose:
Not even the great heart that breaketh
Can break her repose.

And whether she be or be not
No wisdom can tell.
All human visions foresee not
Her ends, which is well:
And no living man can measure,
Though all men have sought,
If he be the child of her pleasure,
Or she of his thought.

Willoughby Weaving

BEFORE THE CRUCIFIX

Dedicated to the University of Virginia, 1921

In one of the chapels of Notre Dame de Paris there is a placard asking those who kneel there before the Crucifix to remember in their prayers the dead of the Great War.

"Here, before the Crucifix, recall
"The dead of the Great War."

Remember all
Whose clay unclaimed shall be a part of France
Forever; those to whom sad Belgium gave
All that was left for her to give, a grave;
Those who are flotsam on the sea's expanse;
The prey of the Red North, of desert sands;
The slain, the starved, the stricken of all lands;
Dead youth—dead hope—dead faith—remember
these

Here in the dusk, alone upon your knees
Before the One who cried
"My God, my God, why hast thou turned from me?"
"It is finished." And so, died.
It was not finished. Will it ever be?

We thought, we too, that we had paid the price
Of a new world, and now we stand aghast
Before the seeming-wasted sacrifice.
What of the sullied past
Is burned away? Has evil suffered loss?
Are anger, lust and greed less sad to see?
It is God who hangs upon the cross
Now, as on Calvary.

And yet, before the cross, no memory
Can stop at death. Hear Easter's trumpet-blast!
As He rose, again He shall arise—
To die again? A thousand times, maybe,
For it is only God who dies and dies
Undaunted, and lives on eternally.
It is our dulness bids Him die again
Since only Calvary lifts Him up to men.
We see Him so, and worship, who were blind
When at our side He walked in peaceful days.
When shall we keep the sight of tears, and find
Our Master with us in the trodden ways?
When shall we live with Him, not bid Him die
To teach us how to live—and then forget?
His Brotherhood will conquer—He will yet
Be throned, not crucified, our lord instead
Of the Golden tyrant or the Red.
White comrade of the fighters who are down,
King of high hearts, who would not wear a crown,
Strong friend of weakness, welcoming the touch
Of childish fingers on His calloused hand,
Forgiver of the sinner who loved much,
How we shall love Him—when we understand!

Amelia Josephine Burr

DEFIANCE

OR dear or great they fall as grass:
They go, and never come;
And still we seek out ways to pass
Beyond the tether of the breath;
Still hope runs on from tomb to tomb
Denying death.

Set in us, Death, the fear of fears,—
Some day there'll be no Spring;
Tramp earth till every hill be bare,
The hosts of life on mocking spheres
Beyond the hills of Jupiter
Will sigh and sing.

You conqueror? Then a greater lot
Doth he, the conquered, own.
He looks into your eyes of stone,
He hears you pass, an iron wing,
But you, dark Force, you know him not,
Nor anything.

What is the wind-flower's nod to you
Whose Spring brings back no ghost?
What is the harebell's shaken blue,
Rocking again within my heart?
What are the tulip sails high tossed
Where suns depart.

You nothing see when youth, the Seer,
Dies proud against a wall;
Blind yet when eyes of friends long true

Meet in your shadow; even there
Fill with a light undoing all
That you can do.

A sage speaks clear as peals that make
A gold lake of the air;
On heart and lips that dared, you set
The heavy earth; but waiting where
A world's two ways their parting take,
Men listen yet.

A poet walks; you haste to cut
The breath of flame and dew,
And doors of vision fumble shut;
But words of his, as bright as tears,
Have lit like birds on all the years
Time holds from you.

Who knows how lone the sea must flow
Is lonelier than the sea;
A greater than the hills is he
Who feels them pass from sand to sand;
And who knows Death, to Death may go
With almoner's hand.

Or dear or great they fall as grass;
They go, and never come;
And still we seek out ways to pass
Beyond the tether of the breath;
Still hope runs on from tomb to tomb
Denying death.

Olive Tilford Dargan

SOMEHOW. SOMEWHERE. SOMETIME.

I

SOMEHOW, but God knows how, we'll meet again,
You'll see the firelight on the pane,
Knock at the door, call, "Come, my dear."
You'll hear the bolt drawn,—“You, love, here?”
And answer, “Yes—no partings now,
For all things have come right somehow.”

II

Somewhere beyond the furthest, western sea,
My boat will reach a sun-washed quay,
White birds, brown sails, a topaz sky,
Your smile of welcome. You and I
Together with all time to spare,
A brave new shining world—somewhere!

III

Sometime . . . but now, how long we have to wait,
Grey hair, deaf ears, slow feeble gait,
The dull monotony of age,
The book of life spelt page by page
Till sight fails, hope fails, then sublime
The great surprise of death—sometime!

Winifred M. Letts

SONNET

I MUST unlearn my early modes of praise;
Forego the noisy trumpet and the drum
With which a boy made music. I have come
To learn a gentler art. I cannot raise
A fanfarade along the city's ways
As once I did. My fingers and my thumb
Tremble along the lute-strings; and the dumb
Wires wake and whisper in the evening haze.

I have discovered beauty in my pain,
And with naught else can I be satisfied.
Never, oh, never shall I know again
An easy rapture. But with muted breath
I softly cry, until my broken pride
Be mended by the tenderness of death.

Theodore Maynard

PAGANISM

I too have rolled upon my lyric tongue
The splendid taste of blasphemy and have been
Haunted by Lucifer's loveliness. The queen
Of frantic heavens and hells, Astarte, flung
Her arms about my aching body and clung
And crushed me like a rose her breasts between,
Whose names are passion and pain. Oh, I have seen
How old a man may grow while he is young!

But you and I are torn by a deeper hunger.
Pagans we would be and we cannot be:
Our classic calm is lost. Virginity
Troubles our senses; while the scandalmonger
Envies and chides the dreary sins which we
(Poor souls!) were cheated with when we were
younger.

Theodore Maynard

THE UNIVERSITY

THERE'S nowhere else in all the world where I would
rather walk,
Than on a college campus and hear the young ghosts
talk—
Some laugh at yesterdays a hundred years ago and
more—
Or sad sere yesterdays more recent—just the June
before.

Oh, nowhere else in all the world is there a sweeter
place
Than college quads and Lawns, a sort of charmed
space
Where youth is always youth and golden hours are
these
By Tuscan columns or beneath the starred magnolia
trees.

Young ghosts—criss-cross and mingle—the medita-
tive lad,
The dark Lothario and the blond who did his darn-
dest to be bad—
They people halls and cloisters—ghosts—all but the
undergrad,

From Jefferson the magnificent and Madison and
Cabell
Down to our Jim McConnell who will forever dwell
Tiptoe and winged, genius of youth and daring—
Well,
He stands for any boy who thrills with epics yet to
tell.

Find me a college meadow, haunted the wide world
over,
Sown by the footsteps of young men, roisterer,
student, rover,
The flame-like feet beneath green shades of lad and
lout and lover.

They surely sought a Something here, though vaga-
bond their mission;
For us they wrought and left behind the perfume of
tradition,
Faint images that float before, gold glimmer of
fruition.

Florence Wilkinson

SECULAR ODE

Dedicated to the University of Virginia on the completion of its first hundred years

MAN, in his little day,
What shall we hope of man?
What permanence has spray;
How shall it build or plan?
What spirit has Caliban
Beyond his belly's need?
What shall we hope of man
Born of a crawling breed?

Yet, in his eyes a spark!
Yet, in his heart a flame!
Wan Glow-worm, shall the Dark
Yet waver at thy name!
Shall the wild Hours grow tame
And serve thee on humble feet!
Shall nothing be the same—
Nor all things incomplete?

Rash prophets from the mire,
We know not!—but we know
What kindles the heart's fire,
Why faces lift and glow!
Nor blindly do they sow
Whose harvest-dawns are bright!—
Sow frost and gather snow:
Sow Truth and gather Light!

Lee Wilson Dodd

EDUCATION

(Inscribed to the University of Virginia)

You are the answer to the times,
The challenge of this crimson age;
You are the silencer of rage,
The end of earth's colossal crimes.

Across the caverns of mischance
Where groping human minds would reach,
O'er fearful gulfs of ignorance
You are the silver bridge of speech.

You span the silence and the dark
Of centuries replete with lore,
Where minds of men may softly hark
To words of sages gone before.

You are the swinging crystal gate
Where Sophocles and Sappho wait;
Where Pericles and Plato bring
Their answer to earth's questioning
And Dante with his flaming pen
Bequeaths the sword of Truth to men.

You are the Heaven-climbing stair
Builted above the world's despair
Where souls of men go singing up
To drink the sacramental cup.
You are the good men grapple for,
You shield the song and lift the grail,
Because of you man shall not fail
For you are Conqueror of War!

Angela Morgan

THE SMILING DEAD

*To the memory of those young men who went from
the University of Virginia to give the gift
by which we live in faith and freedom*

THESE brought their secret with them to the grave,
These who smile. They brought their secret sealed,
they gave
It whole, inviolate, to the grave.

See, the seeker, sharp red wounds about his head,
The breaker, broken on the altar-stair,
The valiant, lips white as the moon,
The gallant, bayonets for his bed!
They smile, they smile, they will be laughing soon,
Their secret safe, well-hidden, where
Their hands will soon lie crossed,
Where their hearts lie locked and lost.

O simple secrets of the dead:
Hunger of feet, hunger of hands,
For holy bread,
For holy lands—
Hunger, hunger, hunger of soul!

These kept their hunger whole.
They smile as they lie dead,
For in their gift of dying they were fed.

Grace Fallow Norton

THE LAST MOBILIZATION

ENGLAND, we come—
Too hard was the waiting;
We burn to the bugles'
Eager vibrating.

Here are your old reserves,
Rovers and rangers,
From the wild, rough places
And the dared dangers.

Blood of your blood we were,
Salt of your savour;
Spartan you moulded us,
Never to waver.

Doom clanged her iron lips
A world swayed asunder . . .
Stoutly you battled on,
Faced the fell thunder.

You have not shamed us where
We shadows must tarry:
Grenville is glad of you,
Drake, and King Harry!

Shades? *but we've broken through,*
The Border we've raided;
Strange, stubborn sentinels
We have persuaded.

From the London Athenaeum.

Sidney salutes you now;
England, here's Clive again;
Wolfe, with his poet's heart;
Richard's alive again!

What though to dusty death
Once we descended?
Soul of your soul are we
Till time be ended.

Nelson and Wellington,
Our captains, commanders,
Marshal their men-at-arms
For France and Flanders.

Let us lift up our hearts,
Devon and Dover,
Men of antipodes,
Sailors from frozen seas,
Each ranger and rover;—
Comrades, with us unite!
God, and the freeman's right!
Lift we our hearts and fight
Till this hell-burst be over!

England, our England,
We share your ongoing,
With full, free banners
Gallantly flowing!

George Herbert Clarke

“ MOTIONLESS ”

MOTIONLESS, upon her bed,
By pale roses garlanded,
 Little Dorothea lies,
 Incommunicably wise
With the wisdom of the dead.

'Twas but yesterday she wed:
Now her golden, girlish head
 Wears another bridal guise,
 Motionless.

Were her slumber mine instead,
She could not be comforted:
 Streaming tears would blind her eyes—
 Yet, when Dorothea dies,
Silent I wait, with doubt and dread
 Motionless.

George Herbert Clarke

THE MAN CAME TO THE MOUNTAIN

THE man came to the mountain
In the greenest hour of Spring;
He strummed his heart for a banjo,
And he began to sing:

“O vast and stolid mother,
Paralytic and dumb,
Give ear unto my singing;
For your song could not come

“Until my brain awakened,
Until my tongue grew flame,
And my song now is your song,
Since out of you I came. . . .

“O stooped, decrepit mother,
Long you gave barren birth
To flameless tree and blossom,
To mindless beasts of earth;

“Then from your brown womb uttered
A word lettered in fire—
Eyes for your eyeless darkness,
Tongue for your locked desire.

“The word was man. You plagued him
With tempests black and wild,
With cold and heat and hunger:
For such things plague a child.

“ You bound him slave to dumb things,
A rod, a coin, a crown—
But now his spirit wakens
To laugh the dumb gods down;

“ And now his spirit toughens
To jeer the cold and heat,
To take your very tempest
As bread for him, and meat;

“ As to drink to wet his palate,
As food to build him strong;
And of your plagues he fashions
Your own unuttered song.

“ Take, then, his word from your word;
For this his tongue must be
The voice of your unspoken,
Unyielding liberty. . . .”

The mountain shook with anguish
At sight of his broken chains;
She gave her heart for a banjo,
Strung with her iron veins;

She hurled away in fury
The rod, the coin, the crown. . . .
Age slipped from her wakened shoulders
Like a garment rumpling down. . . .

The hills leapt like Bacchantes,
With green dishevelled hair,
Until they came to the singer
And sang around him there:

“ Man in whom God is living—
 Blossom beyond all plan—
For God once slept in the mountains,
 But now he grows in Man—

“ Man whose insatiate vision
 Pierces the furthest haze,
And makes a sport and plaything
 Of us, ancient of days,—

“ Sing, till the crown be rusted,
 And the rod be decayed,
And all gold be forgotten
 With all the pain it made.

“ Sing, till the joy of singing
 Is life's first word and last;
And life is a singing sunset
 Out of a singing past.

“ Take you our word and sing it;
 Proclaim our liberty
Till that which is is altered
 To the rapture that will be.”

Clement Wood

TO A WAR POET

(For Siegfried Sassoon)

I STAND before your grief with hanging, futile
 hands,
And long to bring you healing, piteous youth;
Yet here the matter stands:
You must plow other lands.

These planted bones will bear no flower,
For you have garnered all their truth.
Go—in another place, another hour.
Find a new power!

Jean Starr Untermeyer

AN OLD POET

LONG since his song was broken by weight of toil
and tears,
The loveliness unspoken lost in the mist of years.

Is joy his part, or sadness, when now against the
skies,
Like notes from a choir of gladness, the new songs
soar and rise?

Voices of youth, with dower of dawn and life and
mirth,
With that exultant power that lifts the song from
earth.

Does he, grown old and tired, grieving, recall that
one
Morn when he too aspired to reach the very sun?

Or does he hear rejoicing, that though his lips are
sealed
These vibrant hearts are voicing his vision unre-
vealed?

God grant to him is given this joy what time youth
sings,
So well assured of Heaven, so confident of wings.

Theodosia Garrison

TO A SUICIDE POET

In Memoriam S. M. B.

(The Facts of this Story are Followed Almost Literally)

THE crowded room was rank with smoke
And raw with fumes of drink.
The air was harsh with curse and joke;
How could you else than shrink?

Was this, then, life? You could not know
That evil was not king,
And the savage law of blow for blow
Was not the only thing.

For you had dwelt in youthful dreams,
Ethereal regions fair
Of starlight meads and moonlight streams
Untouched by grief and care.

You loved to war with cleansing seas,
You loved all kindly mirth,
You peopled with sweet phantasies
Our sordid modern earth.

Your playtime done, you gladly strove
To act a true man's part,
You were but plunged amid the drove
Of trampers in the mart.

And then came war. You volunteered,
Aflame for nobler strife.
With hero soul, no foe you feared.
"Ah! here," you said, "is life."

They chained your spirit in the grime
Of dreary camp routine,
And two men pulled you toward the slime
Where even love is unclean.

"We'll make a man of you," they cried,
And jeered with taunting yell.
"You won't? All right then, damn your pride!
We'll make your life a hell."

They kept their promise well, the two;
They know, and God knows, how.
They tortured, poisoned, murdered you.
May God forgive them now!

For weeks and months with rankling art
They probed you to the quick.
They saw you writhe at each new smart
Till all your soul was sick.

The tiny room was thick with smoke
And raw with fumes of drink.
From foulest curse and filthiest joke
You could not else than shrink.

Your strength, your hate were for the foe.
Half-mad there at the end,
You were not nerved to strike a blow
And kill a should-be friend.

Then suddenly you saw the lands
Where poet souls belong,
Where rules a Power that understands,
Where comes no taint of wrong.

You saw your spirit's home-land there,
Still lovely, still the same.
You, all too gentle, all too rare
To learn life as it came,

You could no longer breathe the air
Of fetid lust and shame.

You did not well. But you were not,
As we are, slowly steeled
To bear the ills our fates allot.
You broke, you could not yield.

The room was hell and life was hell,
But there so near outside
Was your own world where moonbeams dwell
On dream-fields soft and wide.

You did but seek your own once more;
You fled the garish light.
You raised the latch-pin, swung the door,
And stepped into the night.

Charles Wharton Stork

TO A DEAD POET

I SPEAK your name—a magic thing—
Jocund April takes my hand,
Golden birds begin to sing,
Laughter fills the silver land.

I speak your name—a Matin bell—
Buoyant, godlike, you arise—
Flinging far the slumber-spell
Laid upon your heart and eyes.

I speak your name—and Summer's here—
Glad beyond all Summers gone—
And you are shining like the spear
God fashioned in His first day's dawn.

Eleanor Rogers Cox

THREE WHITE BIRDS OF AENGUS

A Young King speaks

LAST night when all the stars were still,
Upon Benn Edar's dew-grey hill
I stood, and watched where far away
Three sea-birds cleft the moon-white spray;
Three sea-birds like white flowers tost
Upon the wind, now seen, now lost,
Now star-bright 'mid the sea's deep black,
Now lost amid the breaker's wrack,
Now nearer, nearer winging yet,
Their silver course toward me set,
Their silver wings that as they came
Turned all to gold and rose-red flame,
Casting upon the air around
A music of such wondrous sound,
So sweetly strange as on that shore
Sure mortal never heard before:
For binding each bright neck and wing
A band of silver chimes did swing,
Did swing and sway and round me fold
A tremulous thin veil of gold.
So that, as one enchanted all
I heard upon my spirit fall
A woman's voice, and where had been
The foremost bird there shone a Queen
Poised half-way 'mid the sky and land,
A snow-white girl on either hand;
And "You, O King, shall come away
From Erin with me on a day,

Shall leave your loves and wars behind,
And ride with me the singing wind! ”
She chanted, till along the sea
The feet of Morn came whisperingly.

Eleanor Rogers Cox

I THINK OF HIM AS ONE WHO FIGHTS

You think of him as one who fails,
I think of him as one who fights,
Who goes on strange adventurous ways
Through tortured days and dangerous nights.

You know him by the fallen flesh
The cruel trap where he was caught,
I know him by the lifted brow
And by the Cause for which he fought.

And he went first and he went far
With glorious banners lifted high—
And you and I'll have different ways
Of judging him, until we die.

For if he wins or if he falls—
I know 'tis written in God's laws
That he who fights on the right side
Shall wear the splendor of the Cause.

You know him by the grievous wound
And by the earth on which he lies—
I know him by the patient worth
And the deep sadness of his eyes.

You judge him by the hostile mood
Which was the Devil's battle shout,
I judge him by his quest for God
And by the things he prays about.

And you shall have your place of pride
With lifted banner glittering bright—
But the whole earth shall hear him speak
Of One who raised him in the night.

And you shall stay in Heaven—perchance—
With righteous souls that do not err,
But he shall come to earth again
And comfort with the Comforter.

You think of him as one who fails,
I think of him as one who fights—
Who ventures steep and perilous ways
Through tortured days and dangerous nights.

Anna Hempstead Branch

DUOVIR

I KNOW—as you—a man who is two men
Companioned by diverse ancestral strains
In one gaunt awkward body that must needs
Attempt to serve them both incessantly;
One, scion of a long-forgotten god
Who herded clouds and stars and warded trees
And tended tides and tamed mad rivers ere
The engineers had learned the simplest arts,
And who to give him home upon the earth
Amid his officed tasks, leading his flocks
From sea through forests to the mountain crests,
Wedded an Aryan maid whose father dwelt
Upon a hill above the highest spring,
Commanding view of mountain, sea and sky.—
So had the first his soul and name from her
Who lived, god-visited, upon the heights.

The other boasted his descent from one
Who ruled by might upon the isle where now
A king-born man rules but in name alone—
A practic lord who built great Thorfin's walls,
Progenitor of those who habit towns,
Who fashion, barter, carry and control,
Masters of men who fight and toil and save;
Makers of things that clothe and house and feed;
Careless of cloud and star except as they
Replenish wells or guide the errant ships.

Each was the heritor of vast estates
That stretched divergent back from every day;

On *one* side towards the Halcyon Grecian isles;
And on the *other* toward the mists that brood
Above the northern fjords; nor mingle till
They come convergent near the far-off gate
Whence Adam came all flushed and frightened forth
And Eve beside him weeping sore.

So got
Of god and cosmic clay, and so endowed,
These diversivolt *duoviri*,
As one big homely human avatar,
Tried each with each to do their double best
'Twixt dream and deed—poet and pragmatist,
Mystic and potent manager of men.

One loved the solitude, the forest paths,
The lonely night, the voices of the stars,
The rain upon the roof, the scent of trees,
The light upon the hills, the open road.

The other cared for crowds and comradeship,
The bustling streets, the plauding multitudes,
The council hall, the camp, the battle-field,
The glare and tumult of the victory.

Together, they were Man upon his way
From God to God, summing the race that's been
But giving glimpse of a diviner grace
Than has evolved—(or will, if we accept
The teaching of the biologic mind
That sees his evolution at an end)—
Than has evolved, but *will*; for soul is bound
To mould such body as its needs require

To bear it toward the goal it seeks—
Else why were clay uplifted to this height
If it can never reach the higher height,
The image it would make of God in Man?

John Finley

PRAISE

*Dedicated to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe and
Sidney Lanier, two poets of the South*

I HAVE not labored for the praise of men
And have not won it. I must work alone,
A friend of trees and rivers and grey skies,
A friend of humble folk who never hear
The chatter of the very nearly great
And do not buy their beauty with their bread,
But are content to take it, as they think,
From the very hand of God. I work alone.
Though I have talked with many famous men
They have not heard my voice, nor answered me.
There is more warmth in winter than in these
Who must go fading down the skies of time,
Poor ghosts of glory, paling to an ash,
A hundred years or world away from me.

I dare not say that I am too devout
In worship of a far and final thing
To care for what is near at hand to-day.
How often loneliness has humbled me
To crave the pleasant speaking of an hour
As men crave wealth in poverty, drink in fever,
Or love in the hungry innocence of youth!
How often, when I am humble, I could say,
"O world of people, give me but a word
To fall like sunlight on my weariness,
And to make fertile all my dust of days! "

But always, long before I speak the words,
I whip my soul for this humility

With thongs of scorn, and lock my jaws and go
To hide my need where the green valleys are,
Making my pride the master of my soul.
And pride alone can make me stand erect
Under my zenith, stubborn in the sun,
Though I may not be proud even of my pride
Since it is shadowed by a deadly fear.

Praise is the final peril of the great,
Praise is too fat a food, too strong a drink,
Making men gluttonous and bibulous
So that they can not bear the length of days
Sturdily on the shoulders of their souls,
So that they can not go, like athletes striding,
Across the wilderness of their desires;
And I can scorn this food and drink because
I have held cup and platter out to men
Myself, and heard their noisy swallowing.
I have seen them reeling in their drunkenness
Who scarcely knew that they had drunk at all!

Therefore, you mighty dead, whom I may praise
Without the fear that I may poison you,
Without suspicion of a thought of gain,
Be in me, like the prophets and the law,
Like light of sun and stars, like thrilling rain,
Or angry lightning, like Emanuel,
If I must have men's praise before I die,
That I may bless the food and be made strong
And pour the wine before the feet of men.
And be a secret power in me now
While I have need to arm myself with pride,

A warrior who may fall upon a sword
In utter loneliness at last, and die,
Not strong enough to fight a world of pain,
Nor coward enough to want the help of friends.

I have not labored for the praise of men
And have not won it. I must stand alone
Against a storm no tree need ever bend to,
Against a cold that holds no river fast
From bank to bank in the white days of winter,
Against a darkness, darker, more profound
Than any that the skies of night have known.
If, in the end, my own voice praises me,
Myself must be content in my deep home
With every peril overborne at last
And loneliness forgotten in long peace.

Marguerite Wilkinson

SAUL

“And they put his armor in the House of Ashtoreth.”
—I SAMUEL, xxxi, 10.

WEEP for the one so strong to slay, whom One has
taken at last!

Mourn for the mail that rings no more and the ruin
unforecast!

This was he of the flaming heart and the deep, heroic
breath,

Whose sword is laid and his armor hung in the House
of Ashtoreth.

Weep for the one so swift to slay, whose knees have
bent to the night!

Dust is thick on his thresholds now, tho trumpets call
to the fight.

Slinger and bowman gather fast, but our strong man
does not come.

Captains long for his counsels now, but the sated
lips are dumb.

Cry his name in the citadel, sending the runners
forth;

The South gives back no rumor of him; in vain they
question the North.

Seek him not where the wall is held or the spears
go in to death,

Whose shield is laid and his armor hung in the House
of Ashtoreth.

This was he grown mighty in war, but her war is
otherwise;
Swords that flash from her bosom bared, arrows
cast from her eyes.
Who shall stoop from her javelin thrown, who from
her singing dart?
Her sudden shaft is hot in his loins, her steel in his
maddened heart.

Deep in the still and altared dusk her lamp glows
small and red,
Mirrored clear in the great cuirass, like the rubies of
her bed;
Blood of light on his burnished helm, on the belt
and the greaves, one saith
Whose spear is laid and his armor hung in the House
of Ashtoreth.

Tho Gath go up to the threshing-floors, or hosts
assemble at Tyre,
Wait no more for your prince's word, who has taken
his desire.
Cities and fields and given hearts, honor and life
were weighed,
The balance shown and the end foreseen and the
deep decision made.

Weep for the one so strong in war, whose war is
now of the Dark!
Well he harnessed his breast with steel, but her
arrows find their mark.

Her hands have loosened the brazen belt and her
breath has found his breath,
Whose sword is laid and his armor hung in the House
of Ashtoreth.

George Sterling

THE WINDOW

HE knew that he was dying. They had said,
Seeing his eyes closed, it could not be long.
Motionless on the white enamelled bed,
He let them smooth the pillows at his head
And wondered if the twisting of the prong
That pierced his tired loins would ever stop.
He wanted few things now, and nothing quite
So much as this:—to have the shaded light
Put out, and that dark blind raised to the top.
Perhaps they'd do it soon, he thought. The night
Was almost over and he'd see again
The panorama of the window-pane,
So like a running ribbon; the one thread,
Now worn so thin, that kept him from the dead.

He tried to sleep, but started in to count
The days that he had watched that window-frame
Bring life into his room, but the amount
Was more than he could master. And the same
Desire took hold of him:—to raise the blind
(Though it was black out there) and see behind
The darkness if he could; to pierce the vast
And crouching mystery; to grope and tear
Some answer from the silence. He could bear
The mockery of his pain, but now at last
He'd have an end of riddles; he would know
What the elaborate subterfuge was for.
The shade seemed very near, it was a door
Already opening . . . A steady glow
Swept through his body, and he thought he stood

Raising the window as a great wind blew
Old things into his mind, things that he knew
But had forgot. He trembled as he felt
Bells in the night, bells ringing in his blood.
A light came singing . . . towered . . . broke
 in two—
And struck him suddenly . . .

 The doctor knelt
To catch the falling hands. "I think he's through;
I said by daylight surely—and you see" . . .

Under the blind, hanging a bit askew,
The fingers of the sun groped timidly
And touched an opening eye-lid. He could be
Contented now; the sash was raised up high.
He saw the tree that always grew awry
Had new buds on it. He could tell the sweet
Taste of the morning air, the steady beat
Of unseen wings tipped with that dazzling sky.
This was the moment that he meant to die . . .
A crowd of boys came whistling up the street,
And, at the challenge of their happy feet,
He knew that he must live and wondered why.

Louis Untermeyer

VIRGILIA

I

HAD we two gone down the world together,
I had made fair ways for the feet of Song,
And the world's fang been but a foam-soft feather,
The world that works us wrong.

If you had but stayed when the old sweet wonder
Was a precious pain in my pulsing side!
Ah, why did you hurry our lives asunder—
You, born to be my bride?

What sent it upon me—my soul impòrtunes—
All the grief of the world in a little span,
All the tears and fears, all the fates and fortunes,
That the heart holds for a man?

Is this then the grief that the first gods kneaded
Into all joy that the strange world brings?
Did the tears fall into the heap unheeded,
These tears in mortal things?

But why was it that the whole world wasted,
This you will know when they count the tears,
After the dust of the grave is tasted,
After this noise of years.

Yet some things stay though a world lies broken,
I keep some things that were dear of old—
That first kiss spared and that last word spoken
And the glint of your hair's dark gold.

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Do you mind that hour in the soft sweet morning
When I held you fast in divine alarms,
When my soul stood up like a god adorning
His body with bright arms?

Forget it not till the crowns are crumbled
And the swords of the kings are rent with rust—
Forget it not till the hills lie humbled,
And the springs of the seas run dust.

II

What was I back in the world's first wonder?—
An elf-child found on an ocean-reef,
A sea-child nursed by the surge and thunder,
And marked for the lyric grief.

I mind me well how the wave's edge whitened
As the shapes of the storm went whirling by—
How I laughed and ran when the loud void lightened,
And tempest shook the sky.

So I will go down by the way of the willows,
And whisper it out to the mother Sea,
To the soft sweet shores and the long bright billows,
The dream that cannot be.

There will be help for the soul's great trouble
Where the sea's heart sings to the listening ear,
Where the high gray cliff in the pool hangs double,
And the moon is misting the mere.

'Twas down in the sea that your soul took fashion,
O strange Love born of the white sea-wave!
And only the sea and her lyric passion
Can ease the wound you gave.

I will go down to the wide wild places,
Where the calm cliffs look on the shores around:
I will rest in the power of their great grave faces
And the gray hush of the ground.

On a cliff's high head a gray gull clamors,
But down at the base is the Devil's brew,
And the swing of arms and the heave of hammers,
And the white flood roaring through.

There on the cliff is the sea-bird's tavern,
And there with the wild things I'll find a home,
Laugh with the lightning, shout with the cavern,
Run with the feathering foam.

I will climb down where the nests are hanging
And the young birds scream to the swinging deep,
Where the rocks and the iron winds are clanging,
And the long waves lift and leap.

I will thread the shores to the cavern hollows,
Where the edge of the wave runs white and thin:
I will sing to the surge and the foam that follows
When the dark tides thunder in.

I will go out where the sea-birds travel,
And mix my soul with the wind and sea;
Let the green waves weave and the gray rains ravel,
And the tides go over me.

The Sea is the mother of songs and sorrows,
And out of her wonder our wild loves come;
And so it will be through the long to-morrows,
Till all our lips are dumb.

She knows all sighs and she knows all sinning,
And they whisper out in her breaking wave:
She has known it all since the far beginning,
Since the grief of that first grave.

She shakes the heart with her stars and thunder
And her soft low word when the winds are late;
For the sea is Woman, the sea is Wonder—
Her other name is Fate!

There is daring and dream in her billows breaking—
In the power of her beauty our griefs forget:
She can ease the heart of the long, long aching,
And bury old regret.

III

Will you find rest as our ways dissever?
Will the gladness grow as the days increase?
Howbeit, I leave on your soul forever
The word of the eternal peace.

I will go the road and my song shall save me,
Though grief may stay as the heart's old guest:
I will finish the work that the strange God gave me,
And then pass on to rest.

I will go back to the great world-sorrow,
To the millions bearing the double load—
The fate of to-day and the fear of to-morrow:
I will taste the dust of the road.

I will go back to the pains and the pities
That break the heart of the world with moan:
I will forget in the grief of the cities
The burden of my own.

There in the world-grief my own grief humbles,
My wild hour melts in the days to be;
As the wild white foam of a river crumbles,
Forgotten in the sea.

Edwin Markham

AFTERTHOUGHTS

WE parted where the old gas-lamp still burned
Under the wayside maple and walked on,
Into the dark, as we had always done;
And I, no doubt, if he had not returned,
Might yet be unaware that he had earned
More than earth gives to many who have won
More than it has to give when they are gone—
As duly and indelibly I learned.

The sum of all that he came back to say
Was little then, and would be less to-day:
With him there were no Delphic heights to climb,
Yet his were somehow nearer the sublime.
He spoke, and went again by the old way—
Not knowing it would be for the last time.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

A LESSON TO MY GHOST

SHALL it be said that the wind's gone over
The hill this night, and no ghost there?
Not the shape of an old-time lover
Pacing the old road, the high road there?
By the peacock tree, the tree that spreads its
branches

Like a proud peacock's tail (so my lady says),
Under a cloudy sky, while the moon launches
Scattered beams of light along the dark silences?
I will be a ghost there, though I yet am breathing,
A living presence still in tight cottage walls,
Sitting by the fire whose smoke goes wreathing
Over fields and farmyards and farmyard stalls.
As a player going to rehearse his faring,
I will be my ghost there before my bones are dust.
Bid it learn betimes the sock it shall be wearing
When it bids the clay good-bye as all ghosts must.
Hush, then; upstairs sleep my lady and her mother;
The cat curls the night away, and will not stir;
Beams of lamp and beech-log cross one another,
No wind walks in the garden there.
Go, my ghost, it calls you, the high road, the winding,
Written by the moonlight on the sleeping hill;
I will watch the ashes, you go finding
The way you shall walk for generations still.
The window-latch is firm, the curtain does not
tremble,

The wet grass bends not under your tread,
Brushing you shake not the dew from the bramble,
They hear no gate who lie abed.

Nodding I stare at the hearth, but I see you,
My half-wit travels with you the road;
There shall be your kingdom when death shall free
you,

When body's wit is neither leash nor goad.
Past the peacock branches proudly gliding,
Your own ghost now, I know, I know,
You look to the moon on the hill-top riding,
The mares in the meadow sleep as you go,
Your eyes that are dark yet great for divining
Brood on the valleys of wood and plough,
And you stand where the silver flower is shining
Of cherry against the black holly bough.
Rehearse, O rehearse, as you pass by the hedgerows,
Remembrance of all that was my bright will,
That so my grave of whispers and echoes
May rest for the ghost that is yet on the hill.
The primroses burn and the cowslips cover
The starry meadows as heaven is clad,
Learn them all, O ghost, as a lover,
So shall your coming again be glad.
The inn-sign hangs in the windless watches,
You pass the shadowy piles of stone
Under the walls where the hawthorn catches
Shapes from the moon that are not its own.
Wander, wander down by the cresses,
Over the crest of the hill, between
The brown lych-gate and the cider presses,
Pass the well and across the green.
Heed me, my ghost, my heir. To-morrow,
Or soon, my body to ash must fall,
Heed me, my ghost, my heir. To-morrow,

Heed me, ghost, and I shall not sorrow—
Learn this beauty, O learn it all.
Night goes on, the beech-log's ended,
Half-wit's drowsy, and doctrine done,—
Ghost, come home from the road; befriended
My moon shall be when I leave the sun.

John Drinkwater

THE TURN OF THE ROAD

Now my thick years bend your back.
Cut the thongs that hold the pack
Merrily, merrily . . .

I will not be sad again.
I will strip myself of pain
And go singing as of old.
Though my hands are thin to hold,
Though my hair is pale as sand,
And I shiver as I stand,
I am not so short of breath
As to strangle you to death. . . .

Why should you go crook'd for me?
Shake yourself and run! run free!
No. It's long enough you ache
Borrowing years for my stiff sake.
No. I do not need you now. . . .

Toss the wild hair from your brow:
Run! while roads and city-smoke
Beckon young dream-worthy folk,
Why should I be lonely? See,
The old sun shines to comfort me,
And the small old hours dance
Lovely with all lost romance.
I have needed time to dream,—
But you must run, and grow, and gleam,
Merrily! Merrily!

And if you come back to find
No one here but sun and wind,
Think, ' He did not fail away
Cringing like a beast at bay,
But like an eagle or a star,
Lost by flying far,—so far! '

(God forgive me if I lie. . . .
All I love in life, good-bye. . . .)

Look! the long road and the sky! . . .
Merrily! Merrily! . . .

Fannie Stearns Gifford

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

No summer rose my life—'Tis like a tree,
An ancient tree which holds an empty nest,
Apples a few on topmost boughs, the rest
Sun-dried, or strawn neglected on the lea.

What fitting tribute can I pay to thee?
How much I love thee, let those years attest,
Those twenty years I served thee with my best,
Poor best, perhaps, but all that lay in me.

Twice twenty years I tilled another field—
Another? Nay. To me the two were one;
Love would not see the distance on the map
And bade me count whate'er I reaped thy yield;
And now that all my work in life is done,
Dear Mother, let me sleep upon thy lap.

Basil L. Gildersleeve

THE SPIRIT OF IRELAND CONSIDERS HER HERITAGE

*Who speaks in the name of Ireland speaks in my
name.*

I AM one with the spray blown upward from waves
that break
On the rocks below me; one with the cry of the
sea-gull,
The call of the curlew; one with the grass
Dark green on peaks of the headland.

I am one with the smoke curling thin from the valley
chimneys
Of thatched roofs dwarfed by the mountain, and one
with the lake
Whose waters are quiet at sunset, whose foliage
shores
Are shrouded in silence of evening.

Bodies of cleric and soldier, trampled, forgotten,
And tossed aside by the ploughshare; war shouts of
rovers;
The grating of swords; slaughter of Dane and of
Saxon—
These are as one in my life-blood.

Defenders who stood on the ramparts and towers of
Derry:
Men who fought for King James on the bridge of
Athlone and at Aughrim;

Men who heartened King Albert, and seamen who
watched on the oceans—
These are a part of my heritage.

One with the beauty and one with the honor of Erin,
One with her past, her present, and one with her
future,
Shall I heed those who rend her asunder, who bring
her to madness
By will of the reivers of Belgium?

*Who speaks in the name of Ireland speaks in my
name.*

Norreys Jephson O'Connor

IN AN ORIENTAL SHOP

WITH you and song I do not count the days,
For even centuries would not seem long,
But all too short a time in which to praise
Both you and song.

Here hang embroideries from far Hong Kong,
Storks and white lilies lost in golden maze,
A wondrous junk the lily-pads among—

Rare treasures garnered from the twilight haze
Of time forgotten. I strike a temple gong,
And from old music weave new roundelays
Of you and song.

Norreys Jephson O'Connor

SILVER WEDDING

IN the middle of the night he started up
At a cry from his sleeping Bride,—
A bat from some ruin in a heart he'd never searched,
Nay, hardly seen inside:

“ Want me and take me for the woman that I am
“ And not for her that died,
“ The lovely chit nineteen I one time was,
“ And am no more ”—she cried.

Ralph Hodgson

TO A GREEK MARBLE

WHITE grave goddess,
Pity my sadness,
O silence of Paros.

I am not of these about thy feet,
These garments and decorum;
I am thy brother,
The lover of aforetime crying to thee,
And thou hearest me not.

I have whispered thee in thy solitudes
Of our loves in Phrygia,
The far ecstasy of burning noons
When the fragile pipes
Ceased in the cypress shade,
And the brown fingers of the shepherd
Moved over slim shoulders;
And only the cicada sang.

I have told thee of the hills
And the lisp of reeds
And the sun upon thy breasts,

And thou hearest me not,
Thou hearest me not.

Richard Aldington

ON AN OLD HYMN BOOK

The hands that turned the pages, long ago,
Of this old hymnal, were they young or old?
They were a woman's—see, the dim leaves fold
A rusted needle! small the eye; we know
No man could thread it, nor might old eyes show
The narrow way: then, too, old hands are cold.
Hence, she was young, blue-eyed, with hair of
gold?
Brunette? Maybe, none lives who light might throw.
These pages reek of sinners and their hell.
What were her thoughts when these sad hymns
were sung?
Stained are the leaves—blest by her virgin tears?
Shrined she his violets, to keep them well?
Ah, they are dust, these two, who once were
young—
Dust, in the wreckage of an hundred years.

Henry Aylett Sampson

THE TWO ROSALINDS

I

THE dubious daylight ended,
And I walked the Town alone, unminding whither
 bound and why,
As from each gaunt street and gaping square a mist
 of light ascended
And dispersed upon the sky.

II

Files of evanescent faces
Passed each other without heeding, in their travail,
 teen, or joy,
Some in void unvisioned listlessness inwrought with
 pallid traces
Of keen penury's annoy.

III

Nebulous flames in crystal cages
Gleamed as if with discontent at city movement,
 murk, and grime,
And as waiting some procession of great ghosts from
 bygone ages
To exalt the ignoble time.

IV

In a colonnade high-lighted
By a thoroughfare where stern utilitarian traffic
 dinned,
On a red and white emblazonment of players and
 parts, I sighted
The name of "Rosalind,"

By permission of Thomas Hardy and The Macmillan Company.

V

And her famous mates of "Arden,"
 Who observed no stricter customs than "the seasons'
 difference" bade,
 Who lived with running brooks for books in Nature's
 wildwood garden,
 And called idleness their trade

VI

Now the poster stirred an ember
 Still remaining from my ardours of some forty years
 before,
 When the selfsame portal on an eve it thrilled me to
 remember
 A like announcement bore;

VII

And expectantly I had entered,
 And had first beheld in human mould a Rosalind
 woo and plead,
 On whose transcendent figuring my speedy soul had
 centred
 As it had been she indeed

VIII

So; all other plans discarding,
 I resolved on entrance, bent on seeing what I once
 had seen,
 And approached the gangway of my earlier knowl-
 edge, disregarding
 The expanse of time between.

IX

“The words, sir?” cried a creature
 Hovering ’twixt the shine and shade as mid the
 live world and the tomb;
 But the well-known numbers needed not for me a
 text or teacher
 To revive and re-illumine.

X

In I went. . . . But how unfitted
 Was *this* Rosalind!—a mammet quite to me, in
 memories nurst,
 And with chilling disappointment soon I sought the
 street I had quitted,
 To re-ponder on the first.

XI

The hag still hawked,—I met her
 Just without the colonnade. “So you don’t like
 her, sir?” said she,
 “Ah—I was once that Rosalind!— I acted her—
 none better—
 Yes, in eighteen sixty-three.

XII

“Thus I won Orlando to me
 In my then triumphant days when I had charm
 and maidenhood,
 Now some forty years ago.—I used to say, *Come
 woo me, woo me!*”
 And she struck the attitude.

XIII

It was when I had gone there nightly;
And the voice—though raucous now—was yet the
old one.—Clear as noon
My Rosalind was here. . . . Thereon the band
withinside lightly
Beat up a merry tune.

Thomas Hardy

THE SOUL OF THE LITTLE ROOM

SWEET room, dear loved of all my people, where
The blue-tiled hearth has held the leaping flare
Of singing logs whose hearts still keep the dead
Enchanted melody of birds long fled,
And where with understanding friends my folk
Have watched the tapestry of flame, and spoke
Slow musing thoughts, the while with gentle chime
The clock made audible the flight of time,
Hast thou no spirit? Here on summer days
The wind on tip-toe feet comes in and plays
Now with the curtain, now a lady's hair,
Then, fitful, sweep slow fingers here and there,
Like some unseen and silent child who quests
With eager hands this little world. Here rests
The peace of tranquil years. Dear little place,
Hast thou no soul to guess thine own sweet grace?

One child who dreamed and laughed, suffered and
grew

Herein to womanhood believes it true
Thou hast a soul, distilled from all the years,
A heart made slowly up from all the fears,
The hope, the singing loves, the joy and life
Of those who played their parts of calm or strife
Through youth to comprehending age,
On this sequestered corner of Life's stage.

Then give Thyself, O little room, fling wide
Thine heart! And may thy garnered soul abide
With all who shelter here. From out thy meed
Of wisdom give to each his dearest need—
May the light-hearted find some pathos here,
But to the sad, O little room, give cheer!

Margaret Prescott Montague

FLIGHT OF CROWS

(*In Memoriam W. J. L., 1837-1920*)

I

Out of the chaos of sunset, the one white star and
the silence,
Far in the fiery dusk, off at the ends of the
world,
Out of the lavender twilight of misty October
horizons,
Bursts, like a birth in the skies, swarming the
legion of crows;
Onward and over the valley, and strangely perturbed
in their winging,
Bigger and blacker they stream, cawing in
answer to caw.
So have I noted in April the wild-geese honking to
northward,
Only in loftier air, up in the blue and the
day. . .
Morning and night and the seasons, and ever the
ancient migrations,
While, for his hour a man. stands
on a hill as they pass.

II

News, like the caw of the crow or the cry of the
Canada flyers,
Startled me walking at noon, naming me one
who had died—

Flashed by the desolate wires that yonder, threading
the tree-tops
Pole unto pole on the moor, under the flight
of the crows,
Still are to see, on a silvery strip of the nethermost
heavens,
Cutting the splotches of red, crossing from dark-
ness to dark . . .
News of the earth and the ages, and spelt by the
spirit of lightning:
Bolt from the cloud or the wire—each is an
omen to man.

III

Here by the mound of the Eagle, obscure in the
yellowing grasses,
Under an oak that is gone, leaving the acorn for
ours,
Once, ere the Saxon invader renamed the ravines
and the ranges,
Bronze hands kindled a blaze, cheery and pun-
gent as mine,—
Pausing, I fancy as I, as followed the last of the
fledgings
Bat-like hither and yon—suddenly swifter
away. . . .
Night and the seasons and cycles, and ever the
ancient migrations,
While, for its hour a fire . . . burns on a hill
as they pass.

IV

And, as the haze and the gloaming have blotted the
 roads and the landmarks,
 Yonder and yonder the plain. . . . spreads,
 like an alien world,
 Quiet, primeval, and vast, as in autumns after the
 ice-age,
 When, from the journeying seeds, blown by the
 South in the spring
 (Blown to the edge of the desert, the hollows of silt
 and the drumlins,
 Born in the toes of a tern, cast in the dung of a
 deer),
 Summer by summer the junipers, sumachs, birches,
 and berries,
 Gained on the leagues of the north, bleak with
 Arcturus and cold . . .
 Season and cycle and æon, and ever the ancient
 migrations,
 Whether a man and his fire . . . linger or not
 on the hill.

William Ellery Leonard

“ SWEET REASONABLENESS ”

RETURN, Sweet Reasonableness
To our perturbed earth,
Gather its sceptres in thy hands,
Preside at every hearth,
Say thy command upon our lips,
Subdue our flaunting dress,
And on the pulse of our desires
Thy cooling finger press.

For lo, Religion wanting thee
Builds inquisition halls;
Sweet Love turns jailor to her mate—
Her palace crumbling falls.
The wine of pleasure poison is
Without thy antidote;
And life a shipwreck if thy hand
Guide not her tossing boat.

Among thy peaceful olive groves
No gloomy prisons stand,
And War's rude trumpet never blows
Where thou dost rule the land.
Dear Guest of Nation and of Hearth,
We miss thy gracious sway.
Come to our troubled House of Earth—
Thou hast been long away!

May Riley Smith

POET, SINGER, BIRD

ON a sunshine autumn day
In a sordid London park,
I listened by the thronging way
To the summer's last, lone lark
O'er his coppice-hidden haunt
Pouring out his skyward chaunt
Man and season could not daunt.
And listening, lingering, on I stray
Till, lo, a nook for poets meet,
And a sundial at my feet.
And stooping down the hour to see,
This legend I can dimly read
In the tarnished marble brede:
"Here, in eighteen-twenty-three
Beethoven wrote his Frühlingslied."

As nearer, clearer, overhead
Sang the lark, I musing said:
"Even the Master Poet, he,
In his measure wild and free,
Can but show us heaven's gate
Where, with dawn and cloud elate,
Nor seen nor heard, the lark must be;
And wingless, on the fettering land,
Yearning, tiptoe, must we stand
Till the Singer wanders by
And touches with his wizard wand
The Poet's struggling, half-freed word
Soaring now up to the sky;
And at heaven's gate are heard
Together Poet, Singer, Bird."

Benjamin Sledd

WHEN FREEDOM CAME

—1865—

THAT fateful spring-time morn, how fair it dawned!
Yet all things seemed amiss. Across the bars
Old Bess and Rose, the last of goodly herds,
Saved by their cunning from the spoiler's hand,
Low'd for the tardy maid; and from the swamp,
Poor, lonely Don, in weary hiding-out,
Would neigh and neigh again.

Silent and dark
To hungry little eyes the kitchen stood,
The crane hung grimly by the mighty hearth
In patient waiting for the faithful hand
Which year in year had swung it back and forth.
Was Mary ill? How strange to miss her song
Which, low and sweet, ceased not from dawn to dark.
Her song had changed of late; vengeful and stern
At times it grew, awing the listening child;
Then sung with whispered breath, as if she feared
Her lips might tell the rapture of her heart.

Wondering and half afraid, the child stole in,
Then tiptoed out, over the creaking floor,
Like one who leaves at night a dead man's room;
And, shuddering, crouched down on the sunny stile
In heart-sick longing for he knew not what.
His dusky playmates heeded not his signs,
But round the cabin corners furtive peeped
With looks of mingled sorrow, craft and fear.

And even Isaac, dearest, best of slaves,
Comrade and comforter, strode muttering past
With bended head, and feigned to see him not.
He could have wept for very loneliness.

What ailed the negroes all? Beside her door
Sat aged Martha—stolid, dumb,—but now
With kerchiefed head and bundle on her knee
In patient-eager waiting, like a child
Arrayed for its first journey. In and out
Went Isaac, shepherd of the expectant flock,
Which, huddling round, stayed but some promised
sign.

Galloping round the bend, a soldier came,
Paused, waved a flag, and shouted to the slaves.
Then in the deep, tense stillness, wild and sweet,
Fierce and exultant as the cry of beasts,
Their voices rose in mighty unison
Of frenzied song; and Isaac led them forth
In solemn march down freedom's unknown way,
Trustful, unthinking, as the tribes of yore.
And they were gone, without one farewell word,
One motion of regret for the old life.
Far off their singing faint and fainter grew,
Then died away, and in the death-like hush
Only the low, deep sobbing of a child.

Day after day the desolate cabins stood
With doors wide-flung—the master willed it so,
In hope to lure the flock back to their fold.
Still in its corner waited Mary's bed

White and untouched; and Isaac's faithful clock
Ticked placidly away with none to heed.
The gourd hung dry and thirsty by the door.

Would they return? A long, long week had gone,
And creeping up to bed a lonely child
Peeped wistful out into the misty night—
To see a light gleam from its well-known place
By Isaac's hearth. If only it could be!
Out at the back-hall-door and down the path
The white-robed figure went with flying feet,
And paused half-frightened in the cabin door.
'Twas he indeed! but older grown he seemed,
His eyes fixed mournfully upon the fire.
"Isaac!" and at the breathless cry of joy
The old man started up, as round his neck
Soft little arms were flung; and to his heart
He clasped the child and rocked him tenderly,
Mumbling and sobbing out endearing names.

And she, the wise, good mistress, only smiled
And stole noiseless away with tear-dimmed eyes,
When late at night, as in the time now gone,
She found old Isaac fallen fast asleep
Beside the trundle-bed, his great black hand
Clasped to the bosom of the sleeping child.

How like a dream it was when Isaac's horn
Wakened the child at daybreak, as of old;
And from the kitchen came once more the sound
Of Mary's voice! And yet something was gone!
Cowering beneath the covers, the young heart
Sobbed out the bitterness of first-found grief.

One after one the fugitives crept back,
Like children from a stolen holiday,
Half sheepish, half defiant in their looks;
And Isaac's master hand imposed again
The interrupted task. A little while
Seemed all as it had been; and then once more
Vacant and desolate the cabins stood,
And one by one yielding to swift decay,
Their roof-beams tottered in.

That faithful heart—
Faithful until the end—long since in dust,
Sleeps in the garden at the master's feet.
But still his cabin stands—lone, voiceless ghost
Of all that was. And never do I pass
Its threshold but with bowed, uncovered head.

Benjamin Sledd

THE HOUSE

"WHY do you batter down the walls of my house? "
I shouted to one as I stood on the top of my roof.
He stopped his battering and said with an air of
reproof:

"I always hated you because you stand aloof,
And because you sit drinking wine in the shadow of
the boughs."

At that there arose a clamour of the crows
And all the air was darkened with their wings.
I lifted the wine to my lips in a heavenly drowse.
And then I cast off all thought of material things
So he that hated the clamour of the crows
Stopped, slept, and left off battering at my house.

Arthur Symons

ON READING MANY HISTORIES OF THE UNITED STATES

A LONG time I thought it was our Land that made us;
The land so free so long,
The homestead
Earned by the ploughing pioneer;

A long time I thought it was the Hundred Races'
Protagonists.
Licking with outland tongues our language,
And planting, like barbs in a bull,
Their exotic and hybrid thinking in ours.

But reading many volumes, now I see
Who plays the master role;—
The dark Israel
In the American Egypt.

He that is forbidden
To share our policies,
By that exclusion
As by a long handle,
He twists and turns them;

He that is excluded
From our society,
The act of his banishment
Shapes our order;

Like the slave gangs
Sweating in the brickyards
Who moulded the fates
Of the golden Pharoahs.

Egypt! we have our plagues.
The plague of lice;—the taboo, the Delicate Subject;
The plague of locusts;—the plague of a thousand
cautions,
Circumlocutions,
Customs,
Whose infinitesimal mouths eat up our freedom;
The plague of blood in the rivers;—the Christian
and Jewish churches,
Discreetly silent, demure.
The plague of dead fish;—the plague of the Double
Standard,
Democracy with its master and subject races.

Past, long past, is the Death of the First-Born,
When the angel looked at the slave's low lintel,
And passed it by,
While the sons of the Pharoahs and all their hun-
dreds,
Yankee and Southron, horse and foot,
Fell,
On the field of the bugle and drum.

He has risen as if in sleep, to the passionless order
Of a force blind, universal
As gravitation;
It is he, the hewer of wood, the drawer of water,—

Yea, since the day of the first Dutch slaver.
It is he,
Who has written, who is writing
American history;
Who has moulded, who is moulding
The white man's soul.

Sarah N. Cleghorn

ON WALT WHITMAN'S "LEAVES OF GRASS"

THIS book is all the beaches of the world
Abask at noon beneath the procreant sun,
The weedy marge of God's fecundity
Wallowed with flow and ebb of rhythmic tides.
Here lies the margin of the soul of man
That shoreward slopes to the upshining hills
Of Art's acropolis, and seaward plunges
To primal deeps of storm and lonely stars.
Here breed the minnow and leviathan;
Here spawn the jelly-pulps of life; and here,
Naked and vast, uprises from the ooze
The Adam of a New World Genesis,
Ancestral of Democracy. In dream
He stands, and twines his beard with tangled bloom;
Behind him o'er the sand the summer wind
Blows from the sunk wrecks of a thousand years:
On every wreck a mating song-bird sings.

Percy MacKaye

ART

ART has her altars and her avatars,
Makers-of-Beauty worship at her shrine;
Earth may not daunt a soul that scans the stars,
And wets the lips with more than mortal wine.

Imagination's frankincense and myrrh
Bedew the dust and sweeten common day;
The Poet walks in meadows lovelier
Than ours, and Visions light his wandering way.—

Once having known the ecstasy of these,
Once having glimpsed that high, supernal gleam,
A Sappho sings across the centuries,
A Poe sleeps, folded in that perfect Dream.

Richard Burton

PRINCETON TO VIRGINIA

BEAUTY and loveliness go by on the green winds of
Spring,
And in these northern elms at dusk the new come
thrushes sing;
Sing to a twilight where in hollows, the blossom
trembles with flight of swallows.
Through the April night, night long,
Towers rise like dreaming song:
All the leaves whisper and stir at the quick feet
of her.
O little ghosts of thrushes dead and ghosts of Spring
glad men,
Here is another Spring for you, to wake dead hearts
again!

Here is another Spring, gold bees, gold birds; a new
green tent;
The stifled beating of a heart; the same gay bafflement;
And if we do not know if here is grief or joy of the
year,
Through each April night still go
Dreaming men, who dream, and so
All the night, for their sake, listens and is wide
awake.

Warm arcades and cloister, where the tangled sunlight falls;
Where the fragrant mist is caught; where the voice
of youth recalls

Now the gentle hesitant, older spirits, who have
grown bolder;
All your scented hours that speed,
Are mur'mrous and accompanied.
Through the horror and the wrong, still uncon-
querable is song.
O keepers of a memory of loveliness and pain,
You have done well to guard your ghosts, lest the
great dead be slain!

Maxwell Struthers Burt

THE PICTURES OF SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

EASTWARD He planted His garden,
Eastward in Eden field:
Grapes, green globed,
Peaches, flamy lobed,
Citron and honey-melon and pale quince
(It seems they have grown sour and smaller, since!)
Thick as the ground could yield
God planted Eden field.

Surely 'twas bravely planned,
That shady garden land!
What slipped and went awry?
I cannot tell, not I.
'Twould seem He tossed His ball up, up toward
heaven,
And then . . . and then . . .
Somehow the heavy hearts of us poor men
Dragged it below again.
Down, down it fell, all doomed, all unforgiven,
Toward very hell:
Poor Gardener, that tried to garden well!

See now, He catches the ball in His hand.
(Mark me well: you shall understand.)
What was wrong?
Did I gentle them too long?
Were the fruits too many and sweet
I gave them to eat?
Was there no salt to purify them?
No tempting, untrusty sea to try them?

Was there no wind to blow them clean?
Did I wall them in too lush and green?
" Out o' the garden, lads! " quoth He,
" I'll plant ye now twixt the sun and the sea! "

And still He cried, " More sun! " till the sky burned,
And then, " More sea! " and heaped the green
waves high,

And yet again, " More sun! I say, more sun! "
Smoothly began the great seas then to run,
Purpling and blooming like a pigeon's wing,
Tinted like summer plums,
When luscious August comes,
That falls in deeps of emerald grass;
Speared through, where shafts of sunlight pass
Into green glooms,
Where strange white coral looms,
And the fresh froth piled high in milky ledges
Upon the smooth sea's glassy, sheeted edges.
And the wind drove down with a shout,
And deep in the core of the sky the sun poured out,
And the air shook with it and quivered and throbbed
through it round and about.

Then where the wave slipped back and left the sand
As smooth and polished as a dove's wing, spread,
He dropped two children from His curvèd hand,
Pink, full of mirth, and hardy, seaward led.
And one stood naked as the seaciffs stand.
And over one a wondrous sun-lit, sky-clear robe was
spread.

And one He tossed (and laughed and caught again
And tossed again, as children toss a bubble)
Who 'lighted, laughing, bubble-light, and then,
Ran by on waves of blue, through clouds of blue,
Breathing the blue, star-shining through the blue,
The very blue of eternity—O when
Was life so wholly glad,
And knew not to be sad,
Nor guessed that pain and want stood waiting, death
and the soul and trouble!

And soft fleshed babies fell,
Like little rolling loves blown down from the blue,
That drooped their heads as baby roses do
Against the mother flower,
Or staggered into the spray,
Whom the waves chased away,
Dripping like rosebuds in a shower.
(Say, could the Gardener tell
They would outgrow His planting
And cease one day their happy cherub chanting?)

Watch while He catches His ball again!
Will ye not turn to Me, then?
Think on Me, who lit the sun for ye,
Loosed the salt sea and let it run o'er ye,
Come to Me, now, will ye come?
But the children were dumb.
Look back and upward: your God stands behind!
But the children were blind.

Sun-soaked and sea-drenched they wait there,
Drunk with the reek of the sun,
Fresh from the wash of the sea,
Laughing against the wind.
The infinite blue is their Fate, there,
Sorrow has never begun,
Suffering never shall be,
None has repented nor sinned.
So long as the Ball shall roll,
They laugh at us there, supreme,
With the blue for a dream,
And the sun for a heart,
And the sea for a soul,
Safe, and unworn, and forever set sweetly apart!

Josephine Daskam Bacon

DREAM

Dedicated to the University of Virginia

WHEN I am through with un-immortal things,
And dwell in Heaven's courtyards, blithe and
free,

They will be kind to humbler souls like me,—
Whose souls, even here on earth, were brave with
wings.

What if great Homer finds my gate and sings
The music of his loud-resounding sea?

And what if Michelangelo should be
Ready to paint his rare imaginings
Upon my mansion's wall?

Hid from the street,
I think that on my lawn a beechen dial
Will mark all hours, carved there by
Rodin's knife;

And Brahms himself will play with me the suite
Composed by Papa Franck for my dear viol
Of mellow wood cut from the tree of life.

Robert Haven Schauffler

ACHILLES AND THE MAIDEN

*Wind cannot bring so far the blood and dust,
But only raise your head up—do you hear
Faint bell-notes from the plain? Blade-strokes,
sword-thrust,
Shield-rattle! They are fighting, and you not there.*

He would not heed the challenge, would not stir,
Though none so well as he that signal knew:
From his unhappy memories would not pause,
Though the breeze whispered and the danger grew.

*No man, a maiden drives them from the field,
A wicked huntress out of the cold moon!
She touches them, they die, they have no shield;
What will you come to, if you come not soon?*

But he with bowed head let the voice go by,
And felt rebellious loathing, and behind
Impenetrable silence nursed disgust.
This, then, was this the great hour he should find—
Brief, crowded with beauty, bringing fame?
Beauty? What beauty?—Fame? Blown with the
dust!

*Take up your arms, come down and fight again,
They have bidden the wind carry their last cry.
You shall hear now the curse of dying men;
What will you say, Achilles? Must they die?*

It was the wind that freshened, or the wave
Of flight and terror toward his station broke;
At last he heard, and wearily bound on
Breast-plate, picked up the shield, the spear of oak,
And toward the battle walked superbly down,
Wearing the armor lightly, a mere cloak,
Easy in his hand the spear; and bold he went
Unhelmeted, with insolent beauty brave,
His body moving in rhythm magnificent.

He came down from his lofty hill, by charred
And scattered ashes of abandoned fires,
Hoof-prints of stamping horses, and spilled oats,
Through the weird, empty camp where yesternight
The army took its shelter. Here were coats
Dropped at the first alarm, a wine-cup
With half its ruby burden yet untouched,
And the ironic dice lay on the board.
Beyond the tents he walked through a green calm
Of clover, untrodden meadows poppy-sown,
And then the crowded plain and the loud fight.

Before him as he came the host made room—
All peril over, with him there, the one man!
Yet without shout they saw him, raised no cry,
No welcome, so many bodies lay, for whom
He came late to the rescue. But he strode by,
Bringing his solitude, and opened up
A wedge of silence till he reached the van.
Then from the other side the headlong foe
Following the maiden felt him in the track,

Caught sight of armor and his golden hair,
Fled unabashed, and left those two alone—
With awe and terror, both lines swaying back
Within a girdled silence gave them space.
She, when the battle ceased from round her, stood
Waiting for him, a little thrilled to know
The moment come at last, and see him there
Splendid as they had said, now face to face.
And he casually marked the cypress grove,
The screen of contrast that behind her rose,
Her helmet crested, her corslet glittering,
The belted sword, the two spears in her hand,
Twin javelins, light as a hunter's dart,
All gleaming against the shadowy green.
Illusive radiance on that vivid form—
Smoothness to sight and touch, the enchanted sheen
Of jade or porphyry—the gold sunbeams threw;
Caught from this world she seemed, and wrought
 in art,
Cut marble or ivory cameo.
What eyes the helmet hid, he tried to guess,
To trace her body under the bronzen dress,
He fancied her heart panting, her wild pulse
After the running and the rain of blows,
Yet asked again whether she breathed at all,
So motionless her beauty held its pose.
Each stood on guard to know the other's will.
With unexcited spirit, unlifted arm,
He studied the bright mystery until
The quiet weighed upon him like a charm.
With that she threw a spear, a silver flash;
He caught it on his shield, and the shaft broke.

Did her heart faint a little, certitude
Fall from her? She leapt toward him like a flame,
She cast that other javelin furiously,
And drew her sword. He only leaned aside,
Slipped from the peril, and reaching back for aim,
Drove true through the vain bronze his matchless
spear,

Straight through the corslet to her living heart.
It never left his hand, she was so near;
His fingers on the weapon felt her death,
Felt the woman quiver along the wood
As though her nerves had mingled pain with his.
He had not loosed a stream of fighting wrath
To ride him lightly over things like this—
To see her body crumble with quick breath.

He leaned, and gently turned the relaxed form,
Undid the armor on the wounded side
With numb, regretful fingers, tenderly
Raised it, and drawing out the spear-head, tried
In pity not to disturb the delicate cloth
Blood-molded to her bosom, soft and warm.
With eyes impulse-averted he untied
The helmet from the limp and drooping head,
And lo, a face made for another fate—
Brown hair upon a white and queenly brow,
And dreaming lips that held no curve of hate,
Eyelids self-closed, as though content to sleep,
And cheeks with rose-bloom not yet ebbd away;
Beauty that called for worship and the prayers
Of lovers tortured with their empty arms,
Yet in itself austere, remote, unmoved;

A face to set on passion, yet beneath
Archness and ardor, beneath the golden breasts
A maiden soul—as at evening when fleecy clouds
Blush in the east a farewell to the sun,
Glides, under the warmth, untouched, the new moon.

He stood up to his height, gazed down at her,
Then stooping yet again as though he must,
Took up his scarlet spear from where it lay,
Then gazed once more on the face whitening fast.

He that had killed her, found it ill to leave
The fragile danger he had laid in dust;
Not well to stay, but hard to turn at last
To thread his journey through the evening camp,
Through cheerful noises around supper-fires,
Through laughter of soldiers at their lucky day,
With joke and ribald song. He heard one say
How he would use his safety after war—
What sort of woman, and what kind of wine.

John Erskine

THE NINTH SYMPHONY

I

PLAINING in the pained stillness breeds,
Wail that no night-wind conjures in the pines,
To mix with the feeble plaint of faded weeds
 Where pale grass waves,
 And no star shines,—
Where Autumn drenches unremembered graves.

II

Fled all that woeful mystery,
As of Death's last privacy
Wherein the Silence called aloud
From windings of the shroud.
 Antic measures run
 For dancers i' the sun,
Such as once did of the dew-bell sup,
And house them in the acorn-cup;
Anon to trip the moon-washed knoll behind.
The while Titania gave her ringlets to the wind.—
 A chill wind blows this way,
 Scares the fairy folk away:
Before hoarse revel blasted forth
Of Thor and all his North,
To some sweet keep the greenwood has
 Piper and dancer pass.

III

Hark! a glad voice sings
Of humble, sunny things
 In a shepherd's tune.

Pastoral passion! learn of birds when they
From the boon East woo down the day:
Blithe viols of the morn,
Smooth flute and woolly horn,
 Call around—
Half odour and half sound—
 Happy harmony,
 All minstrelsies
 With iterative bliss,
For comfort of the summer ground.

IV

With what speech, now, is it imbued
The locked and stolid wood!
The quickened string, what does it say,
What utter might obey,
Answering the bright brass, brave,
With splendour of the stellar stave!
 As on the mother morn,
 When the stars were born,
Once more the worlds from out the murk of night
 Leap into light,
 Break into praise
Of Him the Ancient of Days!

V

 To bless the ears of men,
 It is abroad again,
The concord of the sonorous night
 The wild worlds made
 When they obeyed,

And did into their orbits draw,—
Life's hymn, her rhythmic order, voiceful law:

*What He builds up shall none destroy;
Go thou the path, and eat thy bread with joy:
The enduring soul shall unto gladness grow,
Love shall have and know.*

John Vance Cheney

A CHOICE

I HEED not him who science sings,
Busy with the dull shows of things,
Mistaking earth and air and sea
For ultimate reality,
Nor knowing them the changing dress
Where spirit puts on loveliness.
Philosophy I may not boast,
Where endlessly ghost chases ghost
Too swiftly o'er the universe
For this, my human-hearted verse.
Of history so much I choose
As a diviner art may use
To quicken faith in faltering soul.
Here, part is greater than the whole!
All ugly deeds I banish thus
To dwell with night in Erebus.
What need have we of ancient crimes
Within whose ears the music chimes
That wins the souls of men to run
A nobler race than they have done?
Of poetry be mine to tell,
Where Truth, which aye unseen doth dwell
Beyond the sight and ear of men,
Is fashioned fair for human ken,
In images so radiant-fair
Our eyes may see and know her there.
Unending converse shall be mine
With those whose glorious faces shine
From out the dark, as shines a star,
Steadfast forever, and afar.

Antigone's sweet sacrifice,
The love in young Alcestis' eyes,
The spirit-strife of Lancelot,
And Hamlet's thought escape me not.
For moments come, when I unloose
Latchets of my unworthy shoes
Where Shakespeare's soul, in godlike strife,
Fights on the far frontier of life
To win one inch for you and me
From all-surrounding mystery;
Where very inspiration broods
In the young Keats' immortal moods;
Where Shelley, winged all rainbow-bright,
Speeds toward the far-off gates of light;
Where Browning scorns, in challenge fine,
Who fail to find this life divine.

All dull, mechanic tasks I spurn,
Praying that still within me burn
Some little spark of sacred fire,
That I may share their large desire
Who wrought, for your delight and mine,
Beauty eternal and divine,
In poetry, the "creed of creeds,"
Where noble words tell noble deeds.

Margaret Sherwood

REMEMBERED BEAUTY

I WILL look round about with love
On all of God's created things:
The stream that down the valley sings,
The clouds that float so free above,
The ferns that fringe the mountain springs,
The woodland where the shy beasts rove,
The sea that fills this quiet cove,
The warbler jewelled with flashing wings;

The day will come when in the strife
That breaks the strength of generous life
Remembered joys may bring release
To walk in steadfastness and peace:
Etched by emotion's fadeless art
A flower may bow my haughty heart.

Tertius van Dyke

WHAT THE CLAY SAID UNTO THE POTTER

I do not question why I thus was made;
Low in the dust with hand on lips I bow;
I do not ask Thee either why or how
Thy hand did shape me, or what balance weighed
My merits or demerits. I have prayed
For all the light Thy wisdom would allow,
To make my pathway clear, but now
So long in darkness have my footsteps strayed,
I trust my all unto Thee to the end.
Whether for honored or dishonored use,
Whether to be Time's king or man's dull drudge,
From Thee I came; when from Thy ways I trend,
Remember what I am—Thou mad'st me thus,
And being clay—as Thou hast made me—judge.

R. T. W. Duke, Jr.

GOODBYE

THE last of last words spoken is, Goodbye—
The last dismantled flower in the weed-grown hedge,
The last thin rumor of a feeble bell far ringing,
The last blind rat to spurn the mildewed rye,

A hardening darkness glasses the haunted eye,
Shines into nothing the Watchman's burnt-out
candle,
Wreathes into scentless nothing the wasting incense,
The last of last words spoken is, Goodbye.

Love of its muted music breathes no sigh,
Thought in her ivory tower gropes in her spinning,
Toss on in vain the whispering trees of Eden,
Last, of all last words spoken, is, Goodbye.

Walter de la Mare

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